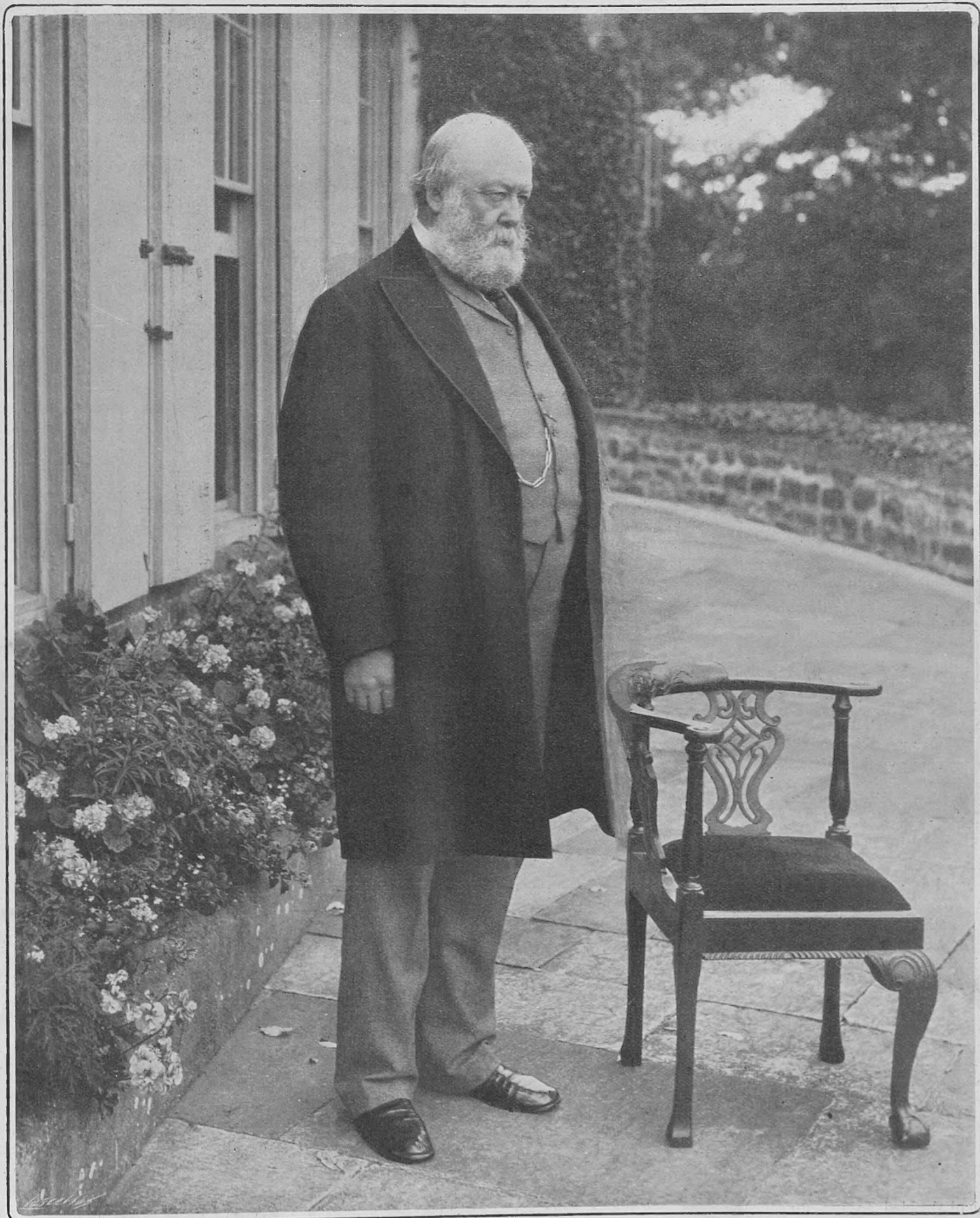




No. 495.—Vol. XXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



"IN PEACE AND HONOUR REST YOU HERE."

LORD SALISBURY ON THE TERRACE AT HATFIELD.

Copyright Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

IF you happen to know any belated individual who is still going about the world with the idea in his head that the actor is a poor, down-trodden, self-helpless individual, you might direct his attention to the photographs on page 4 of this week's *Sketch*. For here you see the working actor of to-day in the palace where he eats and drinks and has his being. Mark, if you please, the frescoed ceiling, the padded lounges, the inlaid tables. Note, I beg of you, the unstudied ease of the gentlemen present—the delicately cut suit, the general air of wealth and comfort that is wafted towards you out of every picture. Surely these things are sufficient in themselves to show that the dreadful night of the poor mummer has given place to the gilded day of the plutocratic actor. Your player of to-day, believe me, is no idle dreamer, dreaming, on an empty stomach, fine dreams of realised ambition. Rather is he a shrewd, level-headed man of the world, who looks upon his talent as a business asset, and is fully prepared, at any given moment, to convert himself into a Limited Liability Company.

Another photograph in this number that hails from that fair part of the town known as Leicester Square is the snapshot of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland given on page 27. I hope I am not giving anything away in mentioning the fact that Mr. Crosland is posing for his picture in Leicester Square. At the first glance, I, also, imagined that I was looking upon the truculent one as he sat at ease in a sympathetic corner of Paris or Stockholm. Really, I could have almost sworn it was Stockholm, particularly when I noted the look of languorous dilettantism in the eye of this astonishing Anglophile. But, alas for my imaginings! truth will out, even in a photograph, and I suddenly discovered, to my horror, that the unspeakable poseur was merely gazing at his publisher's office.

The King, so far from being angry with the impertinent trippers who attempted to get a glimpse of him from the decks of cheap steamboats, seems determined to give the people a show for their money as soon as possible by fixing the Coronation for Aug. 9. One hesitates to suppose that his medical attendants would allow him to undertake the fatigue of so trying a ceremony unless he was perfectly fit and strong, and yet Aug. 9 seems a little soon after a serious illness following on a severe operation. I can't, for the life of me, see why September would not do equally as well. It cannot be that the King is hurrying to take advantage of the fine weather, for he has announced his intention of arranging a much longer procession in the autumn. Perhaps, as one sporting gentleman gravely remarked, he is anxious that the Coronation should not interfere too much with the pleasures of his grouse-shooting subjects. If such is the case, this is indeed a regal way of showing one's sympathy with the sacred interests of sport.

Not so very long ago, I had occasion to refer in these columns to the Embankment Gardens. It was, if you remember, when the bitter cold of the early summer was upon us, and a band was to play in the Gardens every evening from seven to ten—by order. Well, now I have something more to say of this lovers' trysting-place, or paupers' paradise, or children's playground—just whichever you like to call it. Some of my readers may recollect that in the early part of the year—say, March—it was announced by the newspapers that the County Council had decided to put up, in the Embankment Gardens, an Automatic Buffet. Anyhow, the announcement appeared; the idea was duly condemned, praised, and forgotten. Some six or eight weeks

ago, however, a few workmen began, leisurely enough, to clear a space for the erection of a building of sorts. A week or ten days later, the space was cleared. Then there ensued a pause, but, at the end of another week or so, a couple of carpenters arrived on the scene, deposited some planks, and went away delighted with themselves and all the world.

From this time onwards, a period of busy inactivity set in. Every morning, as I passed through the Gardens, I saw a group of shirt-sleeved gentlemen toying with clean wood in the most delightfully picturesque, buzzing, indolent manner. By degrees, a shed of modest proportions reared itself up from the ground, and, to cut a long story short, the roof is now on and the edifice is rapidly nearing completion. By the end of the summer, at latest, it will be finished. I assert this fact with all the confidence in the world, not because I have any private information on the point, but rather for the reason that the British workman hates to be out-of-doors in wet or cold weather. Provided that the wooden shed stands the rough blasts of the winter, I suppose the automatic machines will be stocked next summer and be ready for use somewhere about the end of August 1903. Seeing that the food and drinks are to be supplied automatically, a considerable amount of money will go, I expect, in paying a large staff of attendants to see that the public do not break the machines and that the machines do not cheat the public. However, that is a matter of small moment. No one will accuse the County Council of not doing a thing handsomely when once they make up their minds to do it at all.

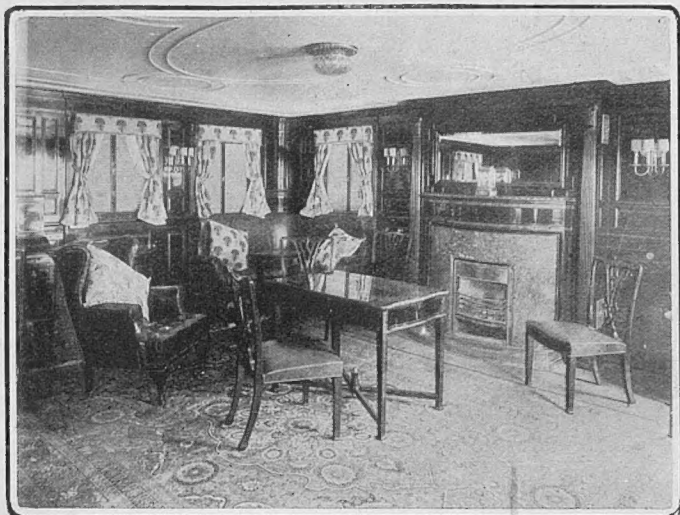
I had dreams, once upon a time, of getting a small syndicate together and running an open-air restaurant in the Embankment Gardens during the months of July and August. The band would have played, soft breezes would have come off the river to cool the fevered brows of tired, feeding Londoners; I should have coined money. The whole scheme, however, has been knocked on the head by the instalment—or impending instalment—of this Automatic Buffet. Perhaps that is why I am so bitter about the length of time that the County Council are spending in getting the job finished. You see, I had already come to look upon myself as a successful philanthropist; mayoral chains dangled before my half-closed eyes; almost could I feel the sword of my Sovereign touching my bended head. And to think that these beautiful visions have been swept aside by a series of penny-in-the-slot machines!

If I happened to be the Editor of a daily paper, I should give my readers, every day, a short article on the weather. In the first place, it is always safe to write about what people are talking about; in the second place, everyone likes to know that the weather affects the rest of mankind as it affects himself. When you have a headache, for example, nothing pleases you better than to hear that somebody else has a headache, and that it is due, therefore, to weather. It is most comforting to read, after a broiling hot day, that, on account of the heat, there has been great suffering all over London. And after lying awake all night listening to the howling and raging of the storm outside your window, it is certainly pleasant to find, on opening your morning paper, that many chimney-pots have been blown down and many acres of crops destroyed. One is sorry, of course, for those who have suffered, but the sufferings of others always have made and always will make one's own inconvenience seem less in comparison, and therefore easier to be borne. That is the most common form of sympathy.

Chicot



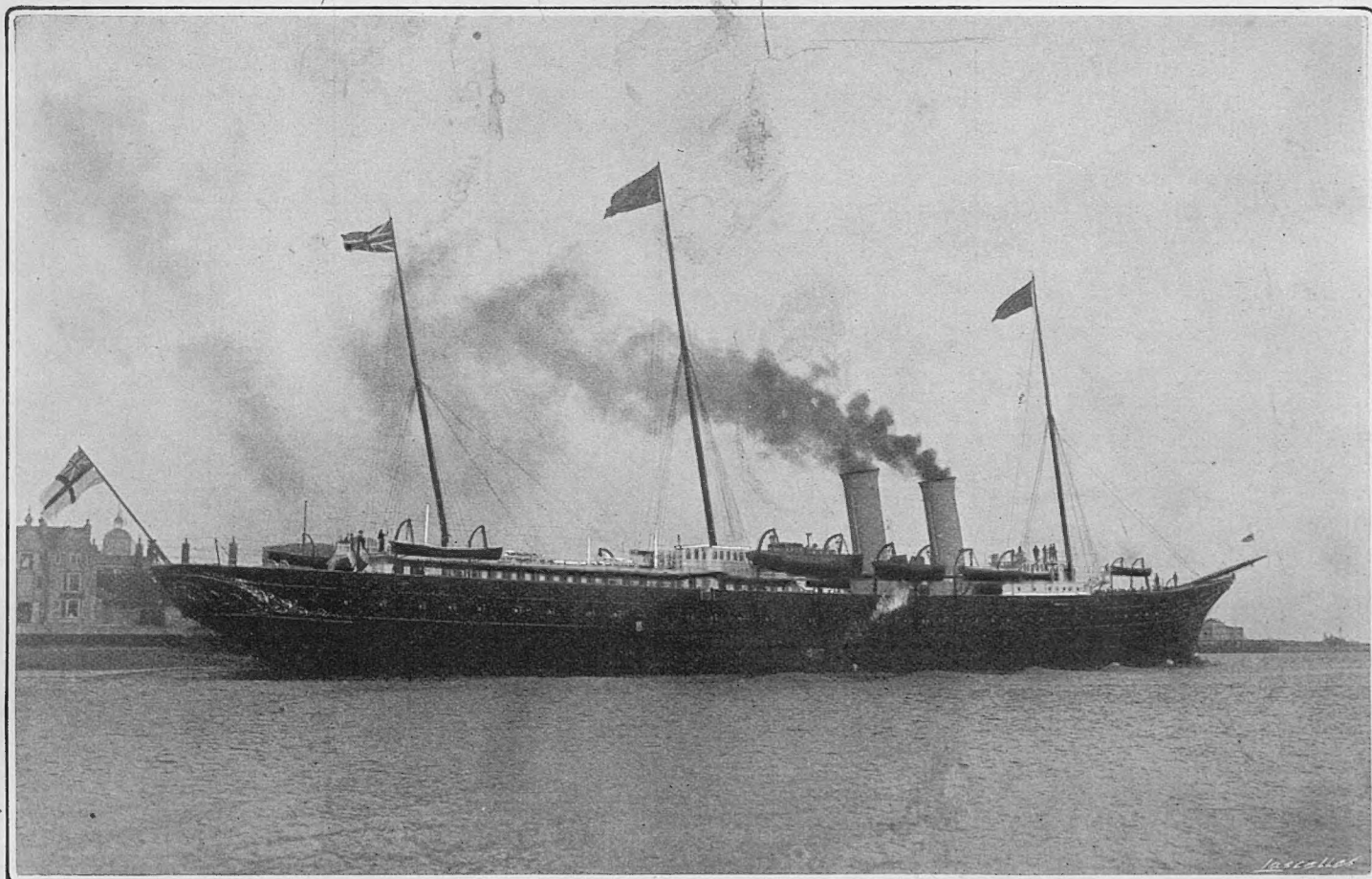
THE KING'S CONVALESCENCE:  
ON AND OFF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT COWES.



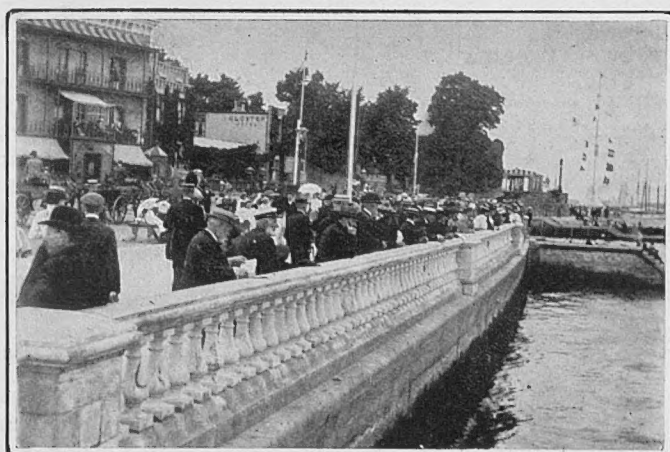
THE RECEPTION-ROOM ON THE ROYAL YACHT. HERE THE KING LIES DURING THE GREATER PART OF THE DAY.



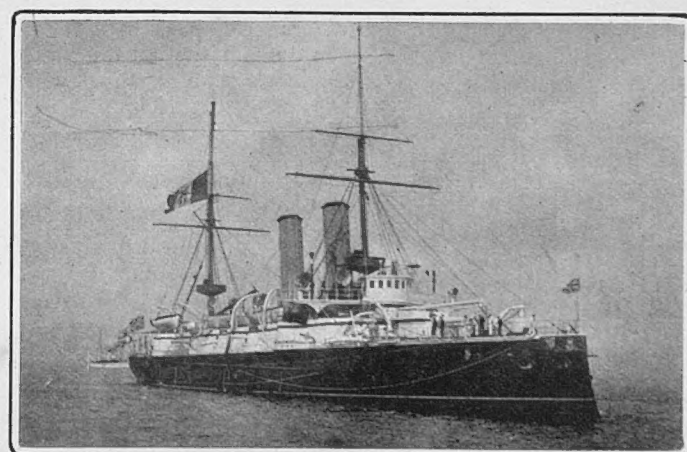
THE PROMENADE-DECK, FROM WHICH THE KING DAILY ENJOYS THE INVIGORATING BREEZES OF THE SOLENT.



THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" PASSING OUT OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR WITH THE KING ON BOARD.



THE LOYAL TOWNSFOLK OF COWES LOOKING OUT TOWARDS THE ROYAL YACHT.



H.M.S. "AUSTRALIA," HIS MAJESTY'S GUARDSHIP AT COWES.

*Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Coming Coronation and the Clubs—The German Yachtsmen at Dover.*

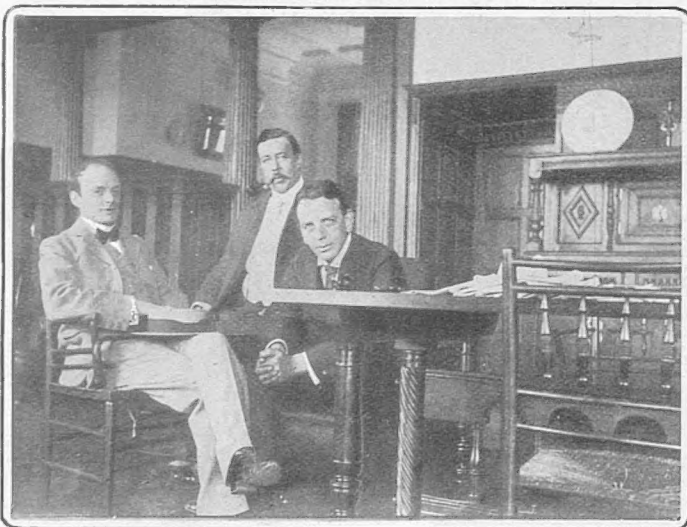
THE Club Committees of the great houses in Pall Mall and Piccadilly have to make up their minds regarding the re-erection of the Coronation stands; if they are to be re-erected, and the matter is not such an easy one to come to a decision on as "The Man in the Street" might think. The 1st August marks the beginning of the "off-season" in Clubland; half the Clubs close their doors on that date, and the members go a-visiting. Every Club has now its affinity in Clubland, a sister caravanserai which takes in the out-of-home members of the corresponding Club during the time of repairs and cleaning. The Athenæum and the United Service exchange courtesies, the Carlton and the Junior Carlton welcome each other's members, the Union and the Conservative pair off, the Naval and Military and the "Rag," the Bachelor's and White's, and so through the whole list of first-class Clubs. If the annual custom was observed this year, one-half of the Clubs on the line of route on Coronation Day would have their doors shut and their blinds drawn, and the other half would be so crowded with their own members and visitors having equal rights that there would scarcely be available room for the wives and sisters who will be passing through London that day *en route* from Cowes to the North to act as hostesses on the moors when grouse-shooting commences. I fancy that, in most cases, contractors will have to hold their hands, an army of workmen will stand idle until after the 9th, and the Club servants will have to postpone their holidays until after Coronation Day. The Club butlers and porters and waiters are just as loyal as any of us Clubmen are, and, no doubt, will not mind the postponement of their annual outing for a royal cause; but it is not wise, as a rule, to interfere with the servants' holidays if the members wish to be

another little bill to send in. There is also this complication, that Pall Mall and Piccadilly expected in June two days of procession, so that the seats could be twice filled. Now there is to be one procession in August, and then the stands will not be required again until October, when it is intended that a great pageant shall thread the streets of London.

I meet most of my Club friends now, in straw-hats and double-breasted blue coats, hurrying to railway stations, and I know that they have a yachting-cap and white shoes in their kit-bags, for the Yacht Clubs are full, and the beautiful boats are beginning their autumn cruises, running from Dover to Ostend, from Ostend to Cowes, from Cowes to Trouville, or along the Southern Coast following the regattas westward. The Clubmen of Dover have been doing their utmost to restore good feeling between Germany and this country, and, if the middle classes of Germany ever do learn that Englishmen are not the unmitigated brutes that they firmly believe we are, it will be by the filtering down from Court circles and Clubland of some real knowledge concerning Englishmen. Unless the young commercial German goes abroad to one of the great German houses in our Colonies, he is never, except, perhaps, on a Rhine steamer, where our countrymen do not show at their best, brought into contact with an Englishman, and he builds up an imaginary Briton from the creature described in the minor German papers, a person arrogantly brutal to the weak and piteously servile to the strong. I have met German officers, talking very fair English, which they had learned as a necessary part of their military education, who knew less of England—except as a place the maps of which were used when Kriegspiel had to be played on an enclosed country—and its people than we know of China and the Chinese. The meeting of the German and English yachtsmen at Dover, at the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, is a step towards the better understanding between the two countries—an understanding most ardently desired by both King

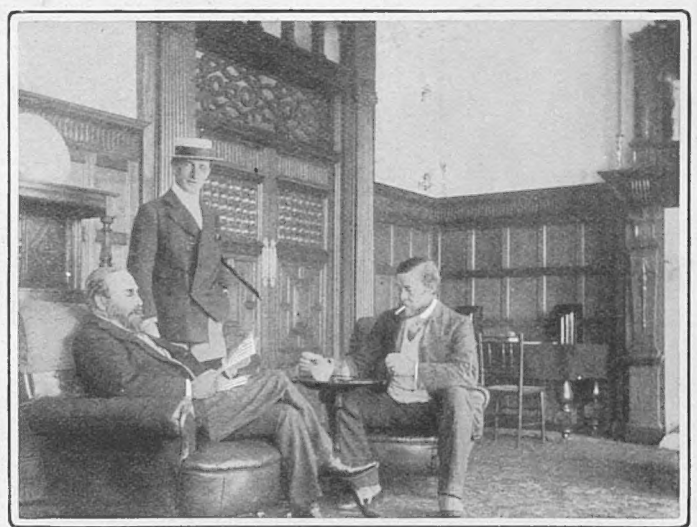


THE COMMITTEE AT LUNCH.



Mr. James Welch.

Mr. Charles Fulton.



Mr. Murray Marks. Mr. H. V. Esmond. Mr. Herbert Lyndon.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE GREEN-ROOM CLUB IN THEIR NEW CLUB-HOUSE.

well served. All through the long summer days, dressed up in plush and silk and kept for long hours on duty in the hot rooms, the Club servants are thinking of those delightful weeks by the sea or in the country lanes, when there will be no late-sitting members to keep them awake till 2 a.m., no crotchety gentlemen with Indian livers to "back" dinner-bills and fancy that their wine has been shaken in transit from the cellar. The man with a bronzed face who in October waits sprucely at table and, in answer to questions as to where he has spent his holiday, tells tales of cricket-matches or of a bicycle-tour, is twice as good a man as the pallid and fagged individual who crawled across the room to fetch the forgotten salt in July.

If the Clubs are to remain open and if the stands are to be re-erected, the question of the allotment of tickets will have to be considered. I was lucky enough, as I thought, to draw tickets for seats at more than one Club, and the Committees, so far as I know, are still considering whether I should be returned a portion of the cheques I had to sign for them; and to the calculation of the actual cost of the wood of the stands and the spoiled provisions will have now to be added another factor if I am offered my original places, for there will be another lunch to be provided and the workmen will have

and Kaiser. The Emperor is especially friendly to British yachtsmen, and more than once at Kiel, when an English boat has been successful, His Majesty has made a special point of boarding the victorious craft and of congratulating the owner. That the Emperor should have sent the trophy for the race from Heligoland to Dover over in his own yacht, the *Meteor*, in charge of Count von Moltke, shows the importance he attaches to this exchange of international courtesies.

## THE NEW GREEN-ROOM CLUB.

The Green-Room Club removed to their new and spacious premises situated at No. 48, Leicester Square, on Monday last. These contain beautiful oak-panelled dining-, reading, and smoking-rooms overlooking the bright Square, also billiard-room, library, dressing- and bath-rooms, an electric lift to all floors, a most perfectly equipped kitchen and service-rooms. A wonderful view of London can be obtained from the roof of the Club. Praise is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. John Douglas, Mr. Murray Marks, and Mr. Herbert Lyndon, who are responsible for the artistic skill displayed in the decorations and furnishing of the Club.



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS," AT THE APOLLO.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE.

MISS RUBY RAY.

MISS BELKNAP.

THE SOCIETY MAIDS WHO ARE WORSTED BY THE THREE LITTLE COUNTRY MAIDS.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



Particulars of the Continental Traffic Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King's Journey.*

The King's journey from London to his yacht was chiefly remarkable for the extreme precautions taken to ensure absolute privacy. His Majesty, instead of leaving by the same gate as the other members of his party and following the ostentatiously sanded Buckingham Palace Road, was conveyed in a special ambulance-carriage with drawn blinds through the grounds at the back of the Palace, through the Grosvenor Gate, and so into Victoria Station. Here a large screen of scarlet cloth was placed round the entrance to the Royal saloon, and, under cover of this, His Majesty, who was accompanied in the carriage by the Queen, Sir Frederick Treves, and Sir Francis Laking, was transferred to the train. Drawn blinds were again the order of the day, and, with the exception of a few officials, the sailor bearers, and a handful of people who caught a fleeting glimpse of him as the train entered the station at Portsmouth, none saw the Royal invalid from the time he left the sick-room until he was conveyed over the covered "brow" on to the *Victoria and Albert*. The honour of carrying His Majesty whenever necessary devolved upon half-a-dozen specially selected and rehearsed bluejackets from the Royal Yacht, each of whom was rewarded with five pounds in a silver purse. The ambulance-carriage, which resembled nothing more than a private omnibus, was drawn by a pair of splendid bays and was fitted with rubber tyres. The servants wore ordinary liveries. Accompanying the King to Portsmouth was the invalid-couch used during His Majesty's illness, a massive mahogany frame, some three feet in breadth, which can be raised to any angle. It was covered with mattresses and a blue-and-white counterpane.

*The King Afloat.*

It is fitting that the Ruler of the Seas should find his best means of restoration to complete health in a cruise off the English coast. His Majesty is the first European Sovereign who has ever thus spent a period of convalescence.

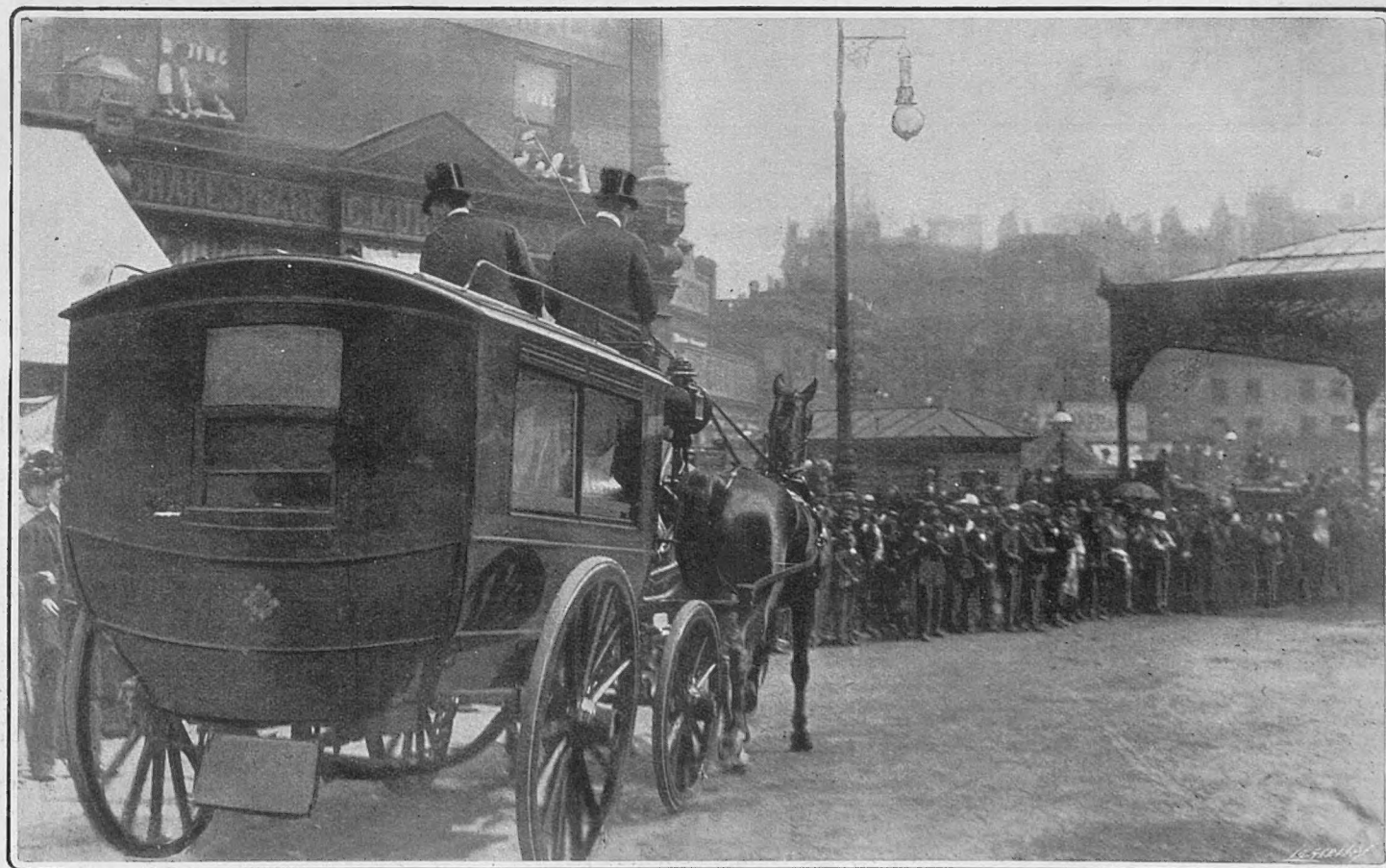
King Edward's love for the sea is well known, and was exemplified in a very practical manner when the education of his sons was being discussed. Breaking through the usual tradition, which ordains that Heirs-Apparent shall early learn the art of being on intimate terms with the great and learned of this world, His Majesty wisely decided that a man-o'-war deck was the best place on which even Royal Princes should serve an apprenticeship for the life which lay before them, and he himself, during an exceptionally busy life, has spent his happiest holidays on the sea.



BUST OF THE KING EXECUTED BY MR. ALBERT TOFT FOR THE TOWN OF LEAMINGTON SPA.

*Bust of the King.* This fine bust was recently unveiled by the Mayoress of Leamington in the Town Hall, where it is now placed. It is the work of that clever sculptor, Albert Toft. The bust is carved from a pure block of Serravezza marble, and is rather over life-size. His Majesty is represented in full regal dress, with the ermine cape and many Orders, together with the elaborate chain from which hangs the seal of St. George and the Dragon.

*Kings "en Voyage."* Nowadays, Sovereigns think nothing of leaving their kingdoms and paying flying visits to one another. The King of Italy is apparently making a very pleasant sojourn in Russia. Queen Helena, who has not, however, accompanied him, is even more at home in St. Petersburg than she is in Rome, for she was brought up in the Russian Capital, and, as is well known,



HOW THE KING LEFT LONDON: A SNAPSHOT OUTSIDE VICTORIA STATION.

IN THIS OMNIBUS, THE BLINDS OF WHICH WERE DRAWN DOWN, RODE THE KING (ON HIS COUCH), THE QUEEN, SIR FREDERICK TREVES, AND SIR FRANCIS LAKING.



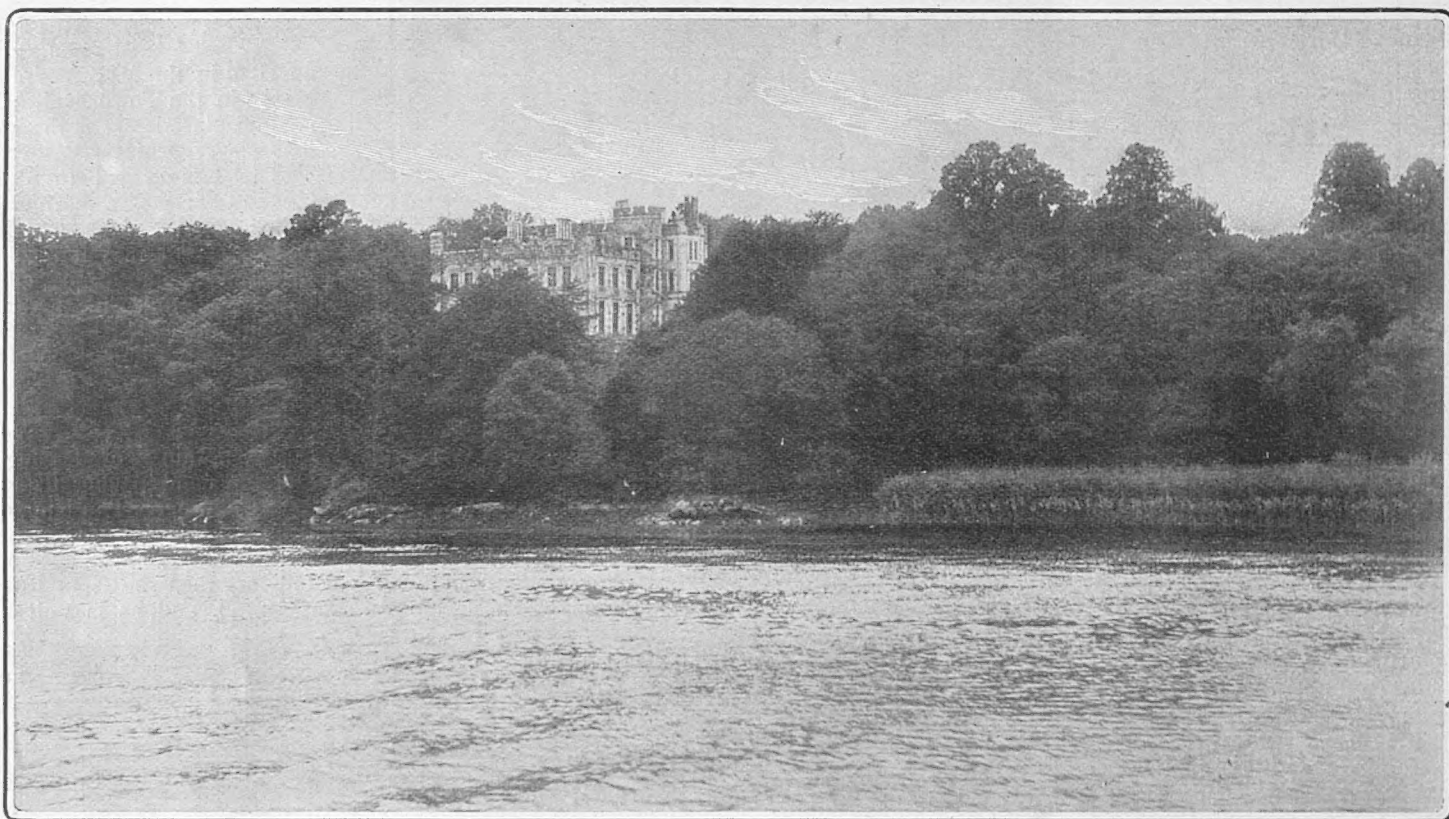
there was at one time an idea that she might be a suitable bride for the then Czarewitch. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the marriage of the beautiful Montenegrin Princess to the Prince of Naples was partly engineered by the present Czar, who probably thought that, next to being an Empress, the Princess would like to be a Queen. It is rumoured that the King of the Belgians may visit America next year, as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, who have lately been visiting the King in Belgium and are naturally very anxious to return the hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, who are immensely wealthy, own perhaps the most beautiful mansion in Washington.

*Six New Garters.* The six new Knights of the Garter comprise three Heirs-Presumptive, the Hereditary Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, and the Crown Prince of Portugal. The Duke of Aosta is also, till the birth of a Prince of Naples, in the position of a future King. Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha are both about the same age as was the Duke of Cambridge when he received the highly coveted distinction, but the Crown Prince of Portugal is likely to remain for some time the youngest of the "K.G.'s."

*An Alexandra Order?* It is rumoured that His Majesty, immediately after the forthcoming Coronation, will institute a new Order, to be named the "Alexandra," in honour of his beloved Consort. It will be divided, as are so many Continental Orders, into three ranks or classes, the first composed

of course, got on the faster, for, whereas he was made a General in 1683, Kitchener was only promoted Captain in 1883, and, while Marlborough was Ambassador to France in 1685, Kitchener was Commissioner at Zanzibar in 1885. In 1689, Marlborough was made an Earl, whereas in 1889 Kitchener had only got as far as the "C.B."; but matters were a little more equal a few years later on, for Marlborough was made a Duke in 1702, after his great campaign in Flanders, and in 1902 Kitchener was made a Viscount, after concluding the long War in the Transvaal. It will be interesting to see whether the parallel will continue and whether Lord Kitchener will have his Blenheim, his Ramillies, and his Malplaquet in 1904, 1906, and 1909.

*Oil on Railroads.* There has been a good deal of discussion of late on the plan which is followed in some places abroad of laying the dust with a mixture of oil and water or of coal-tar and water. It is said that either of these mixtures lays the dust admirably, and it is quite possible; but I shudder to think what London mud would become were one of its component parts oil or coal-tar. But there is a place where the plan might be tried without any fear of sending a dab of sticky mud into the eye or on to the coat of any of the lieges, and that is on the railways. Travelling by rail, the dust in the hot summer days is a real annoyance, and it would be a capital thing if one of the great lines would try the experiment of laying the dust, say, within twenty miles of London, by one of these mixtures. The expense would not be great, for they say that one



STRANCALLY CASTLE, THE HOME OF MR. WHITELOCKE-LLOYD: A VIEW FROM THE RIVER BLACKWATER.

*Photograph by Poole, Waterford.*

entirely of Royal Princesses and of Queens, the second of ladies belonging to the high nobility, and the third to be bestowed on those distinguished women who have deserved well of King, Queen, and country. It is further said that the coming advent of this new Order is the real reason why no ladies were included in the Order of Merit.

*A Splendid Serial.* In spite of latter-day competition, the *Penny Illustrated Paper* worthily maintains its place at the head of the cheaper illustrated weeklies. This is because, both in artistic and literary matters, it always keeps well abreast of the times. Now it is making a new departure by publishing a serial story in its columns. "The Shadow Between," by Mr. R. Norman Silver, is said to be one of the most powerful, most dramatic, and most thrilling novels ever written, so doubtless the myriad readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* will give it a hearty welcome.

*Marlborough and Kitchener.* It has been pointed out that Lord Kitchener was born exactly two hundred years after the great Duke of Marlborough, but it has not been noticed how closely their careers coincide, allowing, of course, for the Court influence which Marlborough enjoyed even as a young man. In 1671, Marlborough saw his first service in Tangier, and in 1871 Kitchener was appointed a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. In 1679, Marlborough went to Flanders, and two hundred years later Kitchener was sent to Cyprus, and in the following and corresponding years one was transferred to Scotland and the other to Anatolia. Marlborough,

application lasts an indefinite time, and the relief of a dustless railway to passengers would be immense.

*A Lovely Irish Home.* Strancally Castle can claim to be one of the loveliest of Irish country mansions. Beautifully situated on the Blackwater, it has long belonged to the family of Whitelocke-Lloyd, the present head of which is a very distinguished man, equally well known in County Waterford and County Cork. Mr. Whitelocke-Lloyd has been twice married; his present wife, Lady Anne Whitelocke-Lloyd, was the second daughter of the third Earl of Carrick.

*Dr. W. G. Grace.* Last week, Dr. W. G. Grace compiled his two hundredth century, a wonderful achievement for a man who was born as long ago as 1848. It was in July 1866 that Mr. W. G. Grace made his first great score in first-class cricket, in England *v.* Surrey, when he scored no less than 224 not out, and a month later he made 173 not out for Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the South. From that time forward hardly a year has passed without many centuries from his bat, the exceptions being 1867, 1882, and 1892. He had a great year in 1895, when he made seven centuries and two scores of well over two hundred; and in 1876 he twice hit up more than three hundred, once not out, while in 1895 he scored 301 against Sussex. His biggest score was 400 not out against a Twenty-two of Grimsby, which he made for the United South in July 1876.



*The Moss-Crawford  
Marriage  
in Edinburgh.*

Quite an exceptional interest was aroused in Edinburgh on Tuesday afternoon, July 8, by the marriage, in St. Giles's Cathedral, of Miss Cecilia Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford, of Newbank, Trinity, to James Edward Moss, eldest son of Mr. H. E. Moss, J.P., of Middleton, Midlothian. The families are both well known in the city, a fact which was demonstrated by the large number of guests who assisted at the ceremony, numbering between five and six hundred, and by the great crowd of the general public who turned out in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral to witness the arrival and departure of the bride and bridegroom and the members of the wedding party. An elaborate service for the solemnisation of the marriage was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, assisted by the Revs. Dr. Mitchell, Leith, and Walter Waddell, Borthwick, the musical part of the ceremony in particular being of a unique and interesting character. There was a choir of forty professional voices, whose singing of some of the grand music of the service was heard with stirring effect in the vast Cathedral.



MR. J. E. MOSS, SON OF MR. H. E. MOSS,  
OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



MISS CECILIA CRAWFORD, DAUGHTER OF  
MR. ROBERT CRAWFORD.

MARRIED AT ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH, ON JULY 8.

*Photographs by Langfrier, London and Glasgow.*

*Salkeld-Gully  
Wedding.*

An interesting wedding will be solemnised at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to-morrow (Thursday), when Mr. Carleton Salkeld, 10th Hussars, only son of Mr. Lewis Salkeld, of Holm Hill, Cumberland, leads to the altar Miss Shelley Gully, youngest daughter of the Speaker and Mrs. Gully. The nuptial ceremony will be performed by the Lord Bishop of Ripon, who will have the assistance of Archdeacon Wilberforce and Canon Hensley Henson. The Speaker will give his daughter away, and her bridesmaids are to be the Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson, Miss Madeleine Stanley, Miss Wykeham Martin, Miss Florence Mellor, Miss Gladys Sailby, Miss Diana Garnet, the Misses Annie and Betty Pollock, Miss Leslie Gully, and Miss Betty O'Raffen, four being grown-up and six children. Mr. Gerald Dalby, 60th Rifles, acts as best man. The Speaker and Mrs. Gully will afterwards welcome the army of wedding guests at the Speaker's House, Westminster, and, later, the bride and bridegroom leave for the Continent.



*Photograph by Lafayette.*

MR. CARLETON SALKELD, OF THE 10TH HUSSARS.

*See Pages 23-26.*

When you come to think of it, quite a number of young actresses who have lately come to the front have achieved their earliest successes in fairy plays. To a list of these including Miss "Cissie" (now Cecilia) Loftus, Miss Marie Dainton, Miss Nina Sevensing, the four Misses Bowman, and Miss Ellaline Terriss, there has to be added Miss Zena Dare, whose picture will be found in this issue. Although still very young, this charming damsel has, in consequence of her ability and winsomeness, been much sought after by theatrical managers who know their business. According to latest bulletins, however, it seems likely that this brilliant little branch of a clever acting family will elect to go on tour ere long as the heroine in the new musical play written by Mr. Seymour Hicks, set to music by Mr. Walter Slaughter, and entitled "An English Daisy."

Lucky Miss Daisy Thimm has been chosen to play one of the only two ladies' parts in "There's Many a Slip," to be presented at the Haymarket on Saturday, Aug. 23. The other female character will be taken by Miss Winifred Emery.

Although Miss Ethel Matthews is just now "resting" (to use the professional phrase), it is only reasonable to expect that she will soon cease to "rest" in this regard.

A lady who not only presents such a beautiful appearance, but is also an actress of considerable skill, is sure to be in much demand for the forthcoming theatrical season. From the time when Miss Matthews played her first important part, namely, in "Nerves," at the Comedy, she has made very marked progress. One of her recent most successful impersonations was that of the young wife in "Are You a Mason?"

Miss Bateman was wisely chosen by Mr. Arthur Bouchier to play the dainty heroine in "The Bishop's Move" on its one-night trial-trip at the Garrick, and so ably did she act that it is but fair to assume that she will be seen again in Mr. Bouchier's revival of that play at the Garrick during next month.



*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*

MISS SHELLEY GULLY, DAUGHTER OF THE SPEAKER.

TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW AT ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.



*An Irish Sportsman.*

Sir Richard John Musgrave, of Tourin, County Waterford, is one of the keenest sportsmen in the Emerald Isle. He is a noted shot, fond of hunting and golf, and famous as one of the best amateur billiard-players in the kingdom. He married the beautiful elder daughter of the Hon. J. Dunsmuir, of Victoria, British Columbia, in 1891.

*Lord Salisbury.*

Though we have a very great admiration for the Marquis of Salisbury as man and Minister, few Englishmen can realise the full effect of his resignation upon the Continent. During the past few years it has been my privilege to



SIR RICHARD JOHN MUSGRAVE.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

discuss certain questions with politicians of varying political views and position, and the most striking feature of their discourse was invariably the reliance upon Lord Salisbury. Austrians, Italians, and Spaniards have been at one with Frenchmen in this respect, and I have heard our late Premier's praises sung by responsible voices as far away as Constantinople. He is as well known as Bismarck was outside his own country, and far more trusted and respected. Perhaps the most striking statement was made to me in the beginning of the South African War, when Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso followed on each other's heels: "There is only one bright spot on the political horizon," said an Austrian gentleman of high standing in the world of politics; "Lord Salisbury is at the head of affairs." At that time, troubles were threatening many hundreds of miles from the area of the War. I suppose years must pass before the country realises all it owes to the great Cecil who has been at the Ministry for so long.

*The Old Minister.*

Lord Salisbury's retirement was characteristic of his life. It was carried out at a moment when not expected, and yet in a manner to avoid excitement. The public did not hear of it till they heard also that his successor was at the helm. After a long and great career, Lord Salisbury has retired to Hatfield, and a member who conceived the idea of the Unionist rank-and-file presenting him with a token of respect was informed that his only desire was to live in the friendly recollection of those with whom he had worked. It is the House of Lords which will feel the change in the Prime Ministership most keenly. Lord Salisbury has been so conspicuous a figure there for a generation that without him, as Lord Rosebery laments, the House is shorn of much of its interest. Party politicians are speculating as to the effect of his retirement on the country. Lord Salisbury did not cater for popularity, but his influence and authority in the electorate can scarcely be calculated.

*The New Minister.*

Charm of manner has assisted Mr. Arthur Balfour to become Prime Minister. He may not be so well known throughout the world as the Colonial Secretary, and less interest is taken in him by the public at home than in Mr. Chamberlain, but he is the favourite of the House of Commons. "Joe" stands for contention; "Arthur" is the well-beloved. It will be necessary now, however, even for his friends to cease calling him or referring to him by his Christian name. He was overcome by the heartiness of his reception when he appeared for the first time as Prime Minister. No statesman ever entered on the duties of that position with more cordial good wishes than Mr. Balfour received from his opponents. Although a stubborn leader, his manner is open and fair, and his smile melts even the Parliamentary heart.

*Mr. Chamberlain.*

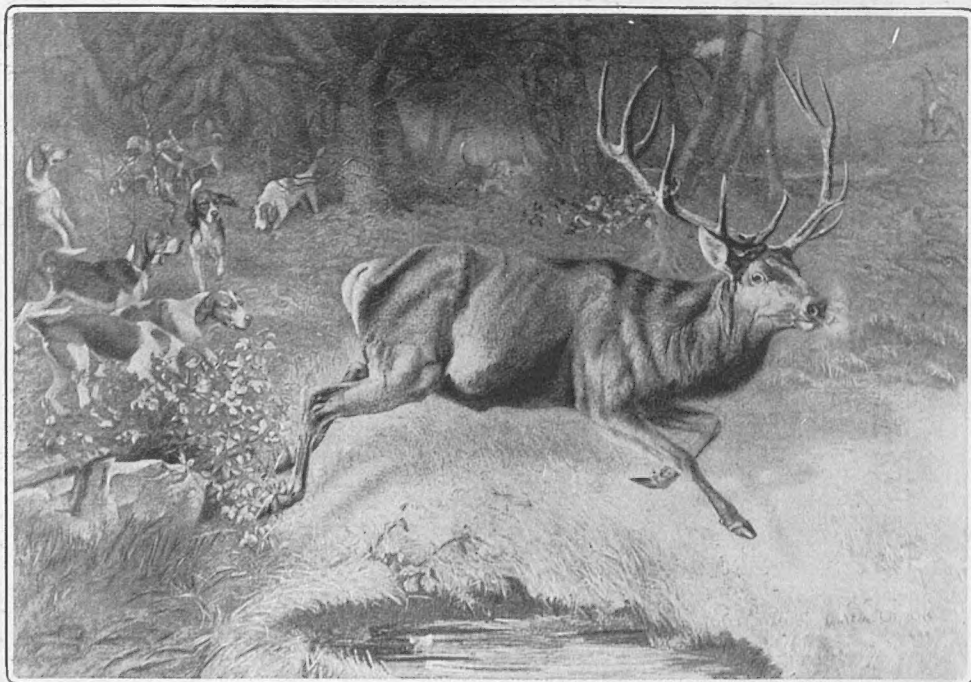
What of Mr. Chamberlain? Is he content? Has the fire of his ambition burnt out? Probably he could not himself have been Prime Minister just now, even if he had desired. Certainly, however, nobody else could have taken the position without his support. Mr. Balfour consulted with the Colonial Secretary before trying to carry on the King's Government, and Mr. Chamberlain has astonished his enemies by the cordiality of his support of the new arrangement. The political future, always hard to forecast, is particularly puzzling in the case of an ambitious and powerful statesman of the temper of Mr. Chamberlain. If his health has not been injured by his accident, he will continue to play a great rôle, and, now that Lord Salisbury has disappeared from the political scene, his influence may be greater than ever.

*An Old Tory.*

The purely Tory section of the House of Commons has been alarmed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's decision to resign. With Sir Michael, as well as Lord Salisbury, out of office, and with Mr. Chamberlain at Mr. Balfour's side, that section will feel uneasy. The "Father of the House" is trusted by the country party and has proved a faithful watch-dog in their interests. He is a very able Parliamentarian, stern in disposition and blunt in talk, but courteous to opponents and respectful to the House. Why should he resign? He is a year younger than Mr. Chamberlain, and, although a very thin man, he appears tough in texture. If he were to adopt a critical attitude on a back bench, he would prove embarrassing to a Balfour-Chamberlain Government.

*Mr. Walter Winans as an Artist.*

It is not generally known, except to his intimate friends, that Mr. Walter Winans, the champion revolver-shot of the world, possesses artistic capabilities of a high order. His favourite medium is black-and-white, his subjects emulative of Landseer. I have been privileged to see the engraving now in course of progress of his latest work, which represents a stag roused from his lair by hounds, who are just becoming keen on the scent. The treatment of this most difficult subject, which instinctively challenges comparison with "The Stag at Bay," is at all points masterly. The antlered beast, bounding with fear-distended eyes and smoking nostrils from the shady covert beside the reed-hung pool, the hounds, half-alert, seeking their quarry, the background of woodland glades, are worthy of the skill and magnificent technique of his engraver, Mr. Sidney Hunt, whose head of Nansen, a work in pure stipple, was one of the most artistic things in the Academy of '97. The destination of the engraving is St. Petersburg, where it will, doubtless, find many admirers, and its publication in England will cause all who see it to acknowledge that this time, at any rate, Walter Winans has got his usual bull's-eye.



STAG ROUSED FROM HIS LAIR BY HOUNDS.

From the Picture by Walter Winans.



*Mr. Frank Curzon.* Mr. Frank Curzon, the lessee of the Criterion, Avenue, Comedy, Prince of Wales's, and Strand, is one of the very busy men of the theatrical profession. His few hours of recreation, however, are spent at his house near Rickmansworth. Mr. Curzon is a keen sportsman, passionately fond of hunting, plays an excellent game of golf, and drives well.

*The Colonial Troops.* There is a strong feeling in London that the rank-and-file of our Colonial troops who, after their hard service in South Africa, came over to London for the Coronation, have not been treated well. Postponement was, of course, act of God and the King's enemy (perityphlitis), but it seems hard that the Colonial troops should be shipped back to their own countries with nothing more than a parade which was not seen by five per cent. of the people who would like to pay some honour to the men. I believe there is to be a reception of the officers at the Mansion House; but this will not nearly meet the case, and may even intensify the grievance, for the rank-and-file of the Colonial troops

already been observed to the full extent of the original programme would afford interesting reading. What will the poorer places do when Coronation Day does come? They have burnt their powder and eaten their good things, made their speeches and published them. Many places lack the energy, eloquence, and cash or credit necessary to do the work all over again. Here is a chance for some American plutocrat who has done nothing in the way of charitable works hitherto to make his name famous among English-speaking people all over the world.

*Forestry.* The important movement towards the re-afforesting of Great Britain's waste places is moving apace. In several parts of England, I am told, Companies and Corporations owning land are giving attention to the forestry question for the first time, and in Ireland the Society recently founded by Dr. Robert T. Cooper, the well-known specialist of Wimpole Street, is making considerable progress and has met with promises of support from many influential quarters. In order to learn how backward we



MR. FRANK CURZON'S HOUSE IN HERTS.



MR. AND MRS. CURZON "PUTTING" ON THE LAWN.



MRS. CURZON IS A NOTED WHIP.



WHILST MR. CURZON EXCELS AS A HORSEMAN.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK CURZON AT HOME.

are recruited in many cases from the same social set as the officers, and in none of the Colonies is the distinction between private and officer so marked as it is in the Old Country. It is noteworthy that Liverpool managed to entertain some six hundred or so Canadians at a banquet, though the authorities had no more than two days' notice. It will be a thousand pities if London neglects her obvious duty in this connection. Such neglect may make our Colonial brethren believe we have a very short memory for services rendered.

*Coronation Celebrations.* I was interested to read in the *Times*, a few days ago, a statement to the effect that the Coronation was duly celebrated upon one of the more remote islands of the Shetland group, and since then I have received letters from several remote parts of the world, from which I learn that the celebrations were more widely spread than we have been led to believe. At Rabat, for example, a comparatively important town in Morocco, where France has a Military Mission and Great Britain has a Vice-Consul, our representative gathered the English colony to a luncheon-party in honour of His Majesty, and made a speech, referring in the course of it to the ceremony of the Coronation "taking place in London at this hour." A list of the places where the Coronation has

are in Great Britain in looking after our woods and forests, it is only necessary to look at some of the recent reports from American States. There the great problems of forestry have been met and handled in a manner that has had tremendous effect upon the wealth and prosperity of the State in particular and the Republic in general. In Scotland, many daring experiments in forestry have been tried with success, the most curious being on a big sporting estate, where large charges of seed were fired from a cannon on to some hilly places that were not considered accessible under ordinary conditions. Needless to say, the season was carefully chosen, and to-day there are splendid trees where a generation or two ago the land was bare and barren.

Mr. Levett Yeats's new historical novel, "The Lord Protector," will be issued very shortly.

"Portraits of the Sixties" is the title of the new volume of Mr. McCarthy's *Reminiscences*, which he hopes to complete as soon as his "Reign of Queen Anne" is finished.

The Duke of the Abruzzi's account of his Arctic exploration is completed, and will be issued simultaneously in Italian, French, German, Scandinavian, and English early in October.



### An American Society Leader.

Mrs. Harold Baring, a popular leader of Society in America, where she has often entertained notable English visitors to the States, is the happy possessor of some exceptionally beautiful jewels, and this in a country where scarce a woman but possesses gems which would cause the average English maid or matron to feel very envious.

### Lord Salisbury.

Lord Salisbury receives on his retirement a full meed of attention from the German Press (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). He is praised by some, it is true, but most of the comments show decided inclination to criticise his career with unnecessary acerbity. His successor has but little to suffer at their hands: he is chiefly spoken of as his uncle's nephew. The chief butt is, of course, Mr. Chamberlain. He is undoubtedly the best-hated man in the whole of Germany. To him, and to him alone, Germans ascribe the Transvaal War; him they accuse of sowing discord between England and Germany, of promoting war to meet his own ends, and all manner of similar crimes. In fact, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Kitchener together are the very types of unmatchable wickedness and sin in the minds of the majority of Germans. These worthy people are so amusingly narrow-minded that they are impossible to meet in argument. They imagine that their criticisms are eagerly read throughout England, and believe England to be on the verge of bankruptcy. As a people, they are very young, very new, very green. The great healer of all ills, time, will gradually reveal to them the true measure of their importance; but, meanwhile, they remain pitifully warped and *borné*, and absurdly wrapped up in their own conceit.

Princess Victoria Louisa, the Kaiser's only daughter, was very much distressed the other day at Kadinen by seeing a poor working-woman in tears. The little Princess kindly asked the poor wight what ailed her; the answer was that "the only cow had suddenly died." Rather a hackneyed trick this amongst people in the country; so many "only cows" and "only pigs" die suddenly when rich patrons or patronesses appear in the distance. However, the Emperor's daughter showed that she possessed a soft spot in her heart, and comforted the old woman by saying, "Well, stop crying now; when my mother comes all will be put right." Prince Adalbert celebrated his eighteenth birthday on July 14. The German Empress proceeded with him from Kadinen to Kiel on the steamship *Iduna*: all the boats and public buildings were gay with flags in his honour. While in North Silesia, the Empress greatly delighted the populace by speaking in the peculiar provincial enunciation and vocabulary there affected. Her Majesty, being exceptionally good at languages, is able to speak nearly every dialect in Germany; this special one, however, is by no means easy to master: it is a curious mixture of Low German, High German, and Danish.

*Clubland in Berlin.* Clubs, as understood by us in London, are to all intents and purposes quite unknown in Berlin. Not that there are no Clubs. There are Clubs innumerable, Clubs for every species of humanity. There are Literary Clubs, Sport Clubs,

Chess Clubs, Clubs corresponding to our Foresters' Clubs and Masons' Clubs; Clubs for women, Clubs for girls, and even Clubs for smokers. But Clubs of the kind that are found so useful by Londoners—for instance, the Savage Club, the Army and Navy, the Carlton, and so forth—are simply non-existent. The reason of this absence of social Clubs seems to lie in the very nature of the average German. Whether it is the direct result of the German system of machinery as to be noted in the Army, the State, and all the thousand-and-one branches of bureaucratic departments, I know not; but certain it is that Germans must always wait to be told to do a thing before it ever occurs to them to launch out on their own account to start anything, however simple. The idea of casually slipping in "to see if anyone is at the Club" would be something too unmethodical and preposterous to the German to be ever even dreamed of. The result is that only those Clubs exist that have specified days whereon they meet and have their regulation sittings. One German Club there is in Berlin that was

founded on the English plan, but it is always deserted. Its headquarters are nothing short of magnificent and "splendiferous." The rooms are well furnished, the cuisine is excellent, the service first-class; but nobody ever goes there except by appointment with someone else.

On the other hand, the German Clubs proper flourish and thrive like so many young bay-trees; their members have one day set apart whereon they assiduously foregather and discuss all-important subjects with all the heat of the Teuton and the thoroughness and thoughtfulness of the Kants, the Treitsches, and the Schopenhauers. There are even foreign-language Clubs. One, called "The English Conversational Club," has existed ever since 1872. To this Club come English-speaking Germans who are desirous of, not forgetting their already acquired knowledge of English. It is a Debating Club pure and simple; debates on every imaginable subject are conducted and threshed out in excellent English every Friday, from eight to ten in the evening. It is conducted on the same lines as are the Union Clubs at Oxford and Cambridge; not a single word of German

is spoken the whole time, and the English is extraordinarily good. I have attended several of the debates and have always been greatly struck by the purity of the English and the fluency of the speakers.

But the great idea of the German is to meet at a restaurant and drink his beer in comfort and smoke his beloved cigar. For this reason, nearly all these Clubs, or "Vereins," meet in some large restaurant, a room in which is provided free of cost, the wily host being only too well aware that the cost will be more than defrayed by the profit on the beer consumed. In many of these Clubs, too, those of the fair sex are allowed to attend the meetings; they, too, are by no means bashful—they all drink their beer with as much relish as do their husbands, brothers, and cousins, though, of course, in less quantities. Once or twice a-year these "Vereins" celebrate the foundation-day of their Club with music and processions. Only to-day there passed my window a huge procession; it was a Club called the "Rauch-Verein," or "Smoking Club." The members all wended their way to the largest public-house in the place.



MRS. HAROLD BARING, AN AMERICAN SOCIETY LEADER.

Photograph by DuPont, New York.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Soldiers Fried Alive.*

It is pretty certain that there will never be another Review on July 14 at Longchamp in the afternoon (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The Socialists have for years protested against the positive cruelty of keeping the troops exposed for hours on the Plain of Longchamp, and asked that it should take place at eight o'clock in the morning. The authorities have smiled and talked of pampering; but when the Military Governor of Paris falls out of his saddle, to be immediately followed by a General of Brigade, there comes food for reflection. Fifteen ambulance-wagons were employed in carrying off the sun-stricken soldiers. Fried to make a Parisian holiday is more suggestive of the Dark Continent than the Ville Lumière.

*The President's White Hat.*

Utterly indifferent to all conventionality, President Loubet drove down to the Review in a white, high-crowned hat. The crowd who lined the route seemed delighted with this touch of humanity on the President's part, and he never had a more enthusiastic reception.

*A Literary Prodigy.*

The juvenile prodigy is fairly well known, and, as a general rule, he or she remains a prodigy just or her juvenility can be maintained. Also as a about as long as his general rule, the prodigy is a musical one, in a more or less mechanical sense. People flock to see and hear, and the critics blaspheme. However, the latest Parisian prodigy is a little lady who, as far as I know, is not remarkable for her ability in murdering Liszt, Chopin, or Mendelssohn, since her particular line happens to be literature. Mdlle. Chammoynat, otherwise "Carmen d'Assilva," is just now the talk of all Paris. Only ten years old, she has already presented to an astonished world five novels, seven plays, and a volume of poems, and has actually been elected a member of the Paris "Société des Gens de Lettres." The "ubiquitous interviewer," you will observe, has called on Mademoiselle, and, probably, is engaged in jotting down her mature views on the present-day tendency and proper construction of drama, the future of literature, how not to write poetry, and so on.

*Men's Fans.*

In Paris to-day you do not meet a wealthy man without his fan. I do not know whether it is a Parisian novelty, but the inventor is entitled to a bow of recognition. It resembles a lady's face à main, and is fitted with three wings, arranged like the screw of a ship. The pressure of a button sets these in motion, and they spin round like an electric fan. Passed over the head, face, and neck, it gives a delightful sensation.

*The Du Gast Case.*

After "l'affaire Humbert," "l'affaire du Gast." Madame du Gast is enormously popular in automobile circles in Paris, and in her delightful appartement in the Rue Leroux she is hostess to all the fashionable motorists. Maître Barboux, in order to damage her case, in which she was prosecuting a solicitor, deliberately pretended that she had posed as the nude model for Gervex's "La Femme au Masque." It was a deliberate slander, and the artist immediately came forward and said that he had never seen Madame du Gast in his life. She is determined to fight her traducer, who shields himself behind a section of the Code which exempts barristers from prosecution, however reckless their statements may be. This is already bearing fruit, for a lady at Bordeaux, who was aggrieved at an attack by counsel, smashed her umbrella over his head, pulled his nose, and boxed his ears.

*Lord Salisbury and France.*

I should imagine that no man of his time ever succeeded so well in avoiding all prying interest into his affairs as did Lord Salisbury while in France. When he lived at Dieppe, not a hundred of the townsfolk knew him, and he chose for his promenades just the hours when the English were absent from the plage. When he moved South, his incognito was even more strict. On one occasion, after a dusty walk, he presented himself at the Casino at Monte Carlo to rest and listen to the music. He was refused admission, as being too shabby. It was only when some English told the attendants of the mistake they had made that they went off in pursuit of his Lordship. He drove them off with an emphatic shake of the head and a determined gesture of the hand. In so far as Paris is concerned, no actor, actress, author, or artist recalls any souvenir of the retired Premier, which is exactly opposite to Lord Rosebery, who is very popular in the *monde artistique*.

*Break-neck Racing.*

A gloom was cast over Clubland in Paris by the death of Michael Sterne, the son of the millionaire banker, Jacques Sterne. So long as his mother, who was the beautiful Sophie Croisette and who left the stage on her marriage, lived, young Sterne kept his promise to ride only in flat-races. Since her death, three years ago, his passion for excitement found vent in steeple-chasing, and he was probably the first gentleman rider on the Continent. He paid the penalty at Elbeuf, where he was killed by a fall. He was only twenty-four and heir to millions.

A bitter feeling is being excited in artistic Paris against erecting any more statues to public men in public spaces in crowded districts. It is contended that the one idea of the authorities should be to beautify these eye-resting places with flowers and fountains, and not to put up brass or marble mummies, which only sadden. It is not improbable that the outcry may lead to Jules Simon's statue being placed elsewhere than in the Madeleine Square.

A novel incident occurred at the recent big fire at Nice. The firemen found themselves without horses, which were out at exercise. A wealthy

English chauffeur passing saw the dilemma, hitched the engine on to his car, and took them off in triumph to the scene.

*The King of Paris.*

The Prince of Wales will find when he comes to Paris that the Parisian regards him with a love and esteem akin to that extended to his father. For the moment, he is unknown to the boulevardiers, but latterly the interest in the Heir Apparent has been whetted. Anecdotes of the most agreeable character are daily told, and he has had some splendid agents-in-advance in Bernhardt and Réjane, who have this year for the first time come into contact with His Royal Highness.

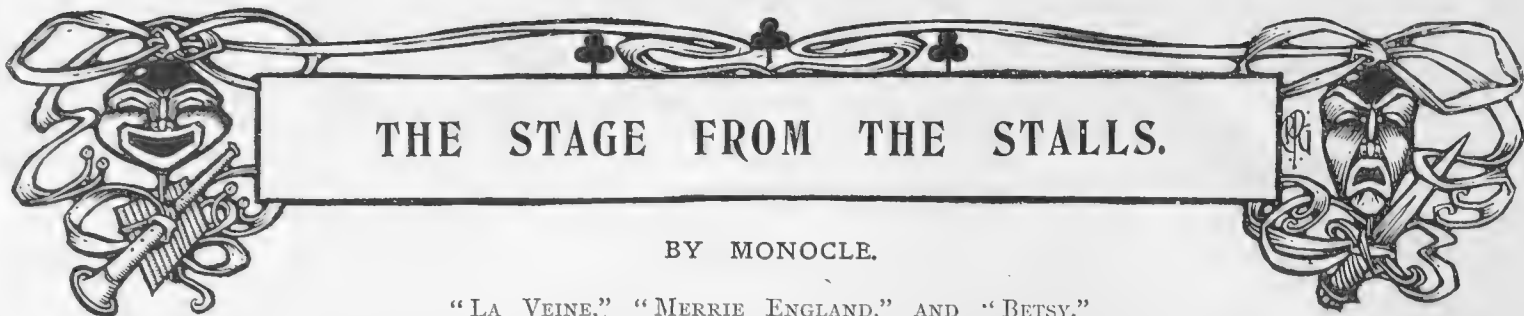
*The Paris-Vienna Motor-Race.*

Mr. S. F. Edge writes me that my Correspondent was in error in stating that, in last year's race from Paris to Berlin, his car broke down within a few miles of the start. It was not till he had almost reached Sedan, some three hundred kilomètres from Paris, that the accident occurred. In Mr. Edge's recent win in the Paris to Vienna race, he did not know the route from start to finish, this being quite unnecessary in view of the perfect arrangements made to show competitors the way. Mr. Edge points out that it is of no advantage to be acquainted with the road unless you know it thoroughly, and this, as he says, would mean going over the course a dozen or so times. I congratulate Mr. Edge on his well-deserved success.



MDLLE. CHAMMOYNAT ("CARMEN D'ASSILVA"), THE TEN-YEAR-OLD LITERARY PRODIGY WHO HAS JUST BEEN ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE "SOCIÉTÉ DES GENS DE LETTRES" OF PARIS.

Photograph by Gribayédoff, Paris.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"LA VEINE," "MERRIE ENGLAND," AND "BETSY."

A LITTLE while ago, acting on my indiscretion, I gave a list of modern French plays and novels to be read by a young man anxious to learn something of latter-day literature. He came to me the other day, and asked, simply, "Are there no decent people in Paris—no married women who, unless very old or very ugly, are faithful? Are all the husbands, however old or however ugly, faithless? Is every young man flagrantly immoral, and are all the unmarried young women dishonest except those in the upper circles, who are merely *demi-vierges*?" I recollected this question when watching "La Veine," one of the latest triumphs of the Parisian stage, in the characters of which there exist no decent persons of any importance, except, perhaps, the *avoué*. Fancy that! Truly, when the lawyer is represented as the only clean-minded creature, one is disposed to use the phrase that Molière did not employ in his plays: "Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher." Really, it seems hard upon France, or, at least, Paris, that her ultra-modern *littérateurs* should give one the impression, as they do, suggested by my friend's question. The generation a little earlier represented, say, by Augier and Dumas *fils*—despite "La Dame aux Camélias"—thought they had a higher mission than merely to chronicle the achievements of vice and voluptuousness, and, unlike such moderns as M. Capus, author of "La Veine," found that it was possible to be honest and interesting, and recognised the fact that a person may be dull as well as depraved. Of course, it is very tempting to those who have such licence as is given in France to handle what we deem forbidden subjects. Indeed, Thackeray openly, and others tacitly, have regretted the limits imposed in this country; and certainly our playwrights, compared with those of France, labour under a heavy handicap, since the Censor permits them to go "near the knuckle" only in farces and musico-dramatic works, or, incidentally, in comedy. However, to go back for a moment, it is hard upon France that the process of selection, which consists of choosing little but the vicious, should have caused rubbishy French literature of the past and some of the best of the modern to breed the idea that the Parisians are universally rotten.

In "La Veine" there is no suggestion that any of the characters have even an elementary idea of Western morality. The hero makes no more ceremony about asking the heroine to become his temporary mistress than an Englishman would when requesting the honour of a dance, and the heroine shows no greater difficulty in granting this request of the man, whom she knows to be a worthless, idle libertine, than one would expect if he merely asked her to take tea at the Earl's Court Exhibition and return before the hour of the fight for cabs. Her shop-girl consents to be paid mistress of a man whom she has only seen out of the corner of her naughty eye and with whom she has not had five minutes' conversation. The other characters are little better. The play, fortunately or unfortunately, is very clever. No doubt, it is bad in art to have no contrast, just as it is false to life and a little foolish as a matter of tactics, since vice loses some of its savour unless it be in opposition to virtue. For really the lack of any clean creature appears to destroy the "spiciness" of "La Veine," and nobody seems very wicked because nobody appears to be at all virtuous. It is all very clever, and the characters are types taken from the boulevards, not from the stage, and so have a throb of life as well as an ugly flavour of asphalt. Moreover, there is plenty of easy wit, agreeably unforced. The smartest phrase may not be quite novel; I refer to the observation of *une de ces dames* when she had a squabble with a woman concerning her husband: "I, at least, Madame, am faithful to your husband," which seems borrowed from the phrase in the French play of an indignant lover who says to the husband, "Your conduct has been ignoble; you have robbed me of your wife's love for me!"

A curious element in the work is what one may call its philosophy, which is simply that Luck is lord of all—a doctrine propounded by the hero Bréard and justified by the events of the play. There is no use in working before luck comes, or the need after, is his view of life. Of course, he cannot carry it out fully; but he goes pretty far, and, apparently, the other characters acquiesce in the theory, which, whatever truth it may have, ignores the fact that, whilst work without luck may seem fruitless, opportunity is useless to those unequipped to take advantage of it. Perhaps Fortune pays a visit to all of us, but some do not recognise her, whilst others recognise her and are unable to entertain her. "The chance of my lifetime came, but I had been too lazy to be fit to take it, and so I take my life instead," are the sad words from a letter of one of brilliant parts who blew out his wasted brains. In the older class of comedy, such as that of Augier or Dumas *fils*, there would have been some character to challenge the opinions of Bréard; the "devil's advocate" was not allowed to have it all his own way. Is M. Capus more artistic than they? Is selection of characters so as to prevent the teaching of a play from being

pernicious really defiance of art? I think not. Farce may be entirely frivolous and irresponsible, but comedy has duties. The acting of the French Company is excellent and not brilliant. Mdlle. Granier, the "star," is a sound actress with a sense of character and some command of pathos, but little style in acting. M. Guitry, the Bréard, is exceedingly clever, but physically unsuited for the part of the unscrupulous weather-cock. Madame Lavallière was ingeniously amusing, and two comedians, MM. Brasseur and Guy, caused a great deal of laughter.

This day week it appears that "Merrie England" disappears, so I counsel people to hasten to see a really charming entertainment, the failure of which to run as long as the other current musico-dramatic works is painful evidence of our lack of taste. A public is past praying for which cannot appreciate Captain Hood's witty dialogue and ingenious lyrics, Mr. German's brilliant and far from heavy music, and the admirable performance of the Savoy Company, which offers better acting, singing, and dancing than can be found at Daly's, the Gaiety, and Apollo put together. "Merrie England" is a work of art without a moment of dullness in it, but, apparently because one has the wit of the author instead of the "gags" of the actors, because it is free from any suggestiveness, because the players respect their work and play their parts and not themselves, although those who see the work are delighted, the public keeps away, as if ashamed to be present at anything that has not the taint of the variety show in it and does not appeal to the most rudimentary sense of humour. Mr. Walter Passmore might not be able so well to represent that tiresome chestnut character, the stage masher, as some low-comedians, but still can sing, dance, and act better than any in London; his part in "Merrie England" is a genuine comic creation. Mr. Lytton, a very versatile artist, is the best light-singing comedian in London; Miss Rosina Brandram has often caused roars of laughter by her acting and won thousands of encores by her admirable singing. I might go further through the Company in praise, but have not space, not even for speaking of the beautiful music, rich in melody and irresistible in gaiety, or the "book," almost every line in which has real point. I can but add that "Merrie England" offers by far the most agreeable entertainment in London and fully maintains the splendid standard of the Savoy.

It is some little consolation to think that the work will be revived from time to time and listened to—unless the public taste declines still further—when everyone connected with its present competitors is dead and forgotten.

It is difficult to guess the object of making misstatements obviously incorrect on programmes. "Betsy" is called "a celebrated comedy by Sir Francis Burnand." Now, the greenest country-cousin could not be induced to believe that "Betsy" is a comedy. It is stretching a point to call it even farcical comedy—assuming, and not admitting, that there is a scale of precedence, farce being the bottom and comedy the top. Moreover, it is notorious in theatrical circles that "by Sir Francis Burnand" is misleading, since he is adapter of the work, which was taken from the French. Why, then, such a disingenuous description? Perhaps because the two new Knights felt that it would look undignified for them to be posing as producer and adapter of mere French farce. "Betsy," I fear, has grown old—or is the fault on our side? Certainly, she did not seem so naughty or so entertaining as in the old days, when the idea of Wyndham and the Criterion farces was one with which to terrify the virtuous. Of course, this may be a good deal a question of the acting. No doubt, Miss Kitty Loftus is clever and energetic, but she has not the comic force needed for the principal figure; one ought to feel the influence of the pretty parlour-maid even when she is off the stage, and I am doubtful whether we always felt it even when she was on. The part is very difficult, more difficult now than it used to be, for, though asides are not quite obsolete, they are growing rare in new plays, whilst nearly all the "laughs" in the part of Betsy are due to flagrant asides, and Miss Loftus seemed a little afraid of them and more inclined to drop them in rather than shout them out. Probably the play's appearance of age is mainly due to this use and abuse of the aside, which is employed *ad nauseam*. It must, however, be added that, except Mr. Alfred Bishop and Mr. Welch, the rest of the Company is mediocre to bad; perhaps I should except Mr. Kenneth Douglas, quite good enough as Dick. It is probably the chief merit of the piece that the characters are better differentiated than in most farces and so give capital acting parts, yet, save as regards the two chief comedians, who are exceedingly funny, one would hardly guess this from the present performance. Mr. Bishop may not have the "fruitiness" of his predecessors, poor Hill and Blakeley, nor Mr. James Welch the exuberance of Maltby; but each has a keen sense of comic character and admirable technique, so that most of the hearty laughter given to the piece was won by them.





MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET.

*Photograph by J. Casicall Smith, Oxford Street, W.*

## THE BEAUCHAMP-GROSVENOR WEDDING.

THE marriage of the Duke of Westminster's young sister, Lady Lettice Grosvenor, to Lord Beauchamp, the youthful Peer who, though scarce over thirty, has already had a distinguished public career, has excited an extraordinary amount of interest in Worcestershire and Cheshire as well as in general society. The wedding takes place next Saturday, at Eccleston Church, the pretty,



EARL BEAUCHAMP

Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.

countrified fane which was for so long the favourite place of worship with the late Duke of Westminster and his family. Every great house in the neighbourhood will entertain parties in honour of the event, Eaton Hall being filled to its utmost capacity, while at Saighton Towers, the bride's home, Lady Grosvenor and Mr. Wyndham are entertaining a family party.

## THE FUTURE COUNTESS.

Lady Lettice Grosvenor, the young bride-elect, has had a very interesting and well-filled life. Her father's death occurred when she was still too young for the fact to shadow her girlhood, and her mother has often been styled the most

wholly charming and popular woman in the great English world. Lady Grosvenor's marriage to Mr. George Wyndham took place some three years after she became a widow, and the distinguished politician has proved a most devoted step-father; indeed, it would have been difficult to find a happier home-life than that seen at Saighton Towers. The present Duke of Westminster, then Lord Belgrave, and his two sisters were, of course, constantly at Eaton Hall, and both there and in their mother's house they were brought into contact with the most interesting and distinguished notabilities of the day; accordingly, it would be difficult to imagine a more suitable wife for a brilliant statesman than a young daughter of the house of Grosvenor. Lady Lettice was, of course, entirely brought up with her elder sister, Lady Shaftesbury, and since the latter's marriage she has often visited her at St. Giles's, Cranborne. She shares, however, her mother's love for Saighton, and, when there, has led the life of so many English girls of the upper class, constantly visiting her poorer neighbours and taking an active part in brightening their lives, during the winter organising pleasant evening entertainments to which the villagers of the country round are made welcome.

## SAIGHTON TOWERS.

Saighton Towers, or Saighton Grange, as it is sometimes locally called, is a picturesque mass of buildings, in old days the country house of the Abbots of Chester. Everything has been done by Lady Grosvenor and Mr. Wyndham to preserve the old-world characteristics of the house and gardens, particularly delightful being the paved pleasaunce, which rivals in quaint charm the Saints' Garden, where all the blossoms are those which were known in old English gardening-books by the names of the saints.

## THE BRIDEGROOM-ELECT.

Lord Beauchamp, the bridegroom-elect, is thought by many people to have before him a very great political career. At Oxford he was noted as a good speaker and as one of the most able Presidents of the Union. At an age when most young men of his rank are interested in sport and kindred matters, Lord Beauchamp was studying Blue Books and accepting the Governorship of New South Wales. It may be whispered, albeit not unkindly, that the young Earl was not, perhaps, so successful in Greater Britain as his friends hoped he would be. "You see, the trouble is," observed one shrewd Colonial, "that we none of us expected to find such an old head on young shoulders!" In a land where passion for social equality is almost as great as it is in America, the new Governor made a determined effort to institute new and more stringent rules concerning the proper etiquette to be observed on all State occasions, and this led to some absurd contretemps,

By Lord Beauchamp's special wish, it was arranged that those fortunate beings having the *entrée* at Government House should be sent invitations printed on *blue* cards, while those who were considered to belong to the commoner herd should receive ordinary *white* cards. As was certain to happen in such a case, some grotesque mistakes occurred, and, on one occasion, a gentleman and his wife arrived, the one with an *entrée* card, the other bearing a white card. The A.D.C., following instructions, and, of course, not knowing that the two people who had arrived together happened to be a married couple, made strenuous efforts to separate them. "This door, sir, if you please. You, Madam, will find that your card admits you elsewhere." "Young man," said the Colonial dame, pushing past the astonished A.D.C., "my husband and I are not a Seidlitz powder!" Yet another story, somewhat more of a chestnut, tells how, at his first dinner-party, Lord Beauchamp, having taken down to dinner the wife of a great local big-wig, was pleased to discover that the lady had apparently at some time of her life known intimately his excellent and distinguished father. On being asked by her young host when and where the late Lord Beauchamp and she had met, the lady replied, eagerly, "I never actually *saw* his Lordship, but I have taken his famous pills regularly for years!"

## MADRESFIELD.

The new Lady Beauchamp will be fortunate in her new home. Madresfield Court is one of the loveliest places in the kingdom, situated in the vale between the rocky Malverns and the ridge known as the Old Hills. The Court is a true Tudor mansion, though built within the moat which had guarded the fortalice of the Norman family of De Bracy. The splendid rooms are filled with art treasures, and the library is rightly famed among connoisseurs, for there may be seen some priceless mediæval manuscripts and books, including a first edition of "Piers Plowman" and Caxton's "Speculum Vitæ Christi." In the great gallery is carefully arranged, shown to the best advantage, what is known as the Springhill Collection, and many beautiful enamels and miniatures collected by the first Countess of Beauchamp. The very names of the various apartments are quaint and delightful; there is a Sunflower Room, an Ebony Room, a Japanese Room, and especially charming is the suite of apartments which has now been prepared for the new mistress of Madresfield. The grounds which surround the house are very lovely, and will



LADY LETTICE GROSVENOR

Photograph by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

certainly be full of interest to Lady Grosvenor's daughter, for the mother of the Duke of Westminster is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and her daughters have been brought up to take a practical as well as an artistic interest in this most delightful of country pursuits.



THE BEAUCHAMP-GROSVENOR WEDDING.

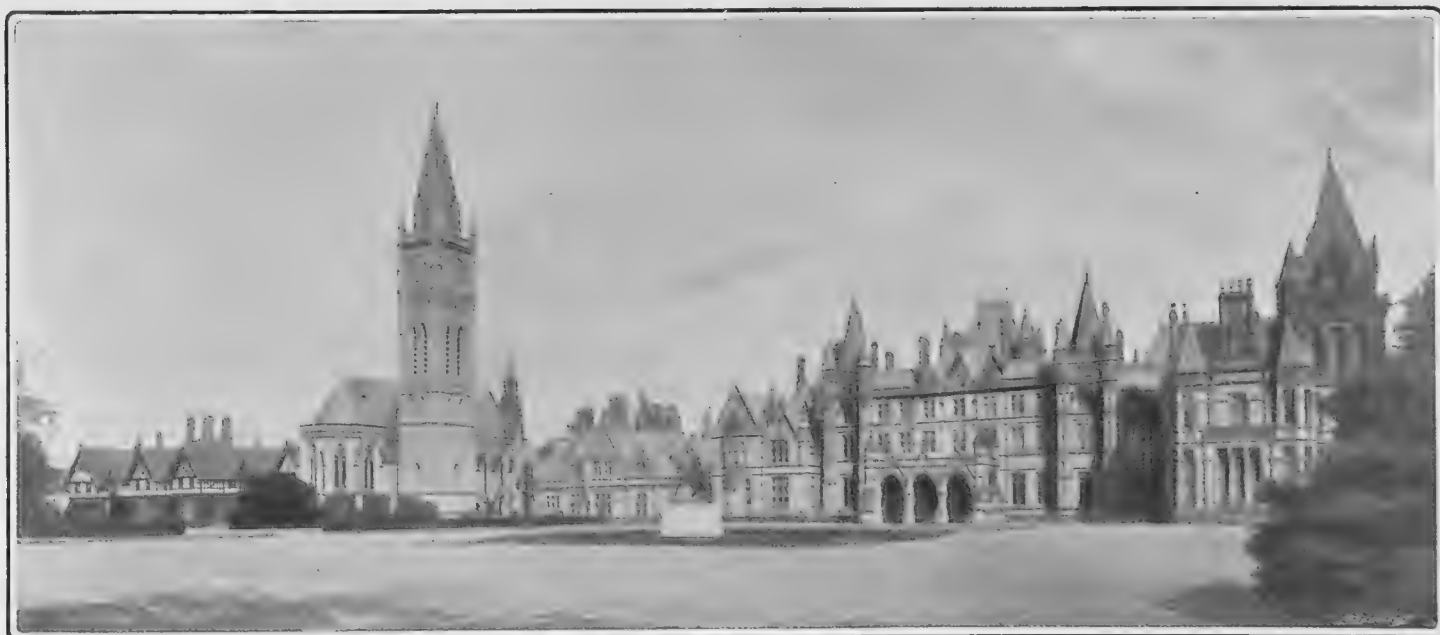


SAIGHTON TOWERS, THE HOME OF THE BRIDE.



SAIGHTON TOWERS: THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR AND THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, MOTHER AND BROTHER OF THE BRIDE.

*Photographs by Johnson.*



EATON HALL, WHERE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER WILL ENTERTAIN A LARGE HOUSE-PARTY FOR THE WEDDING.

*Photograph by Watmough Webster, Chester.*



# LAZY LEAVES

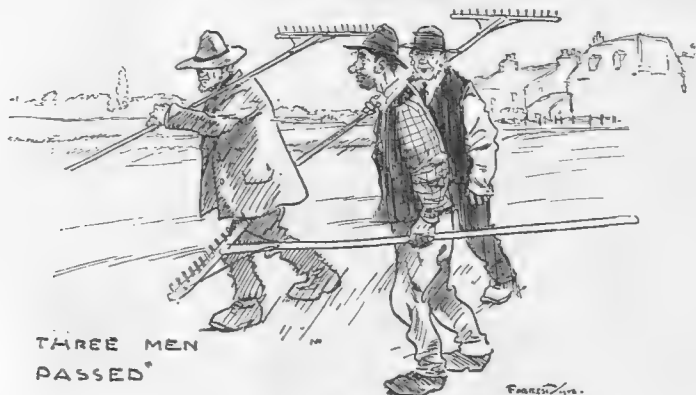
## FROM THE DIARY

### OF AN IDLE SUMMER.



#### IX.—WITH THE HAYMAKERS.

WHEN a swallow came into my room by way of the open window and woke me up yesterday morning, the clock's small-hand was on the figure four. I dressed and went downstairs into the garden to make a light breakfast of freshly gathered fruit. As I finished, three labouring-men passed with hay-rakes in their hands



THREE MEN  
PASSED

and said they were being paid by the piece and that time was money. They went cheerfully enough down the road, and a great desire to emulate their example came upon me. So I donned flannels and an old straw-hat, marched down the road, and entered the homestead of Farmer Giles. The farmer was punishing his breakfast and seemed surprised to see me.

"These bean't your hours," he remarked, decisively.

"I want a job," I said to him. "I'm going on the land."

"All right," replied the farmer; "there's plenty o' wark for ye. Turn th' ten-acre field agin th' barley. Spread th' crop well in th' sun; doan't let any on it be damp, or it'll set th' stack on fire. I'll gie thee th' rake."

"And the pay?" I said.

"Same as it be to th' rest on 'em," said the farmer. "I'll gie ye two shillin' th' acre; say, a pound for th' field—it's a rod or two more'n th' ten acre."

"Agreed," I said, and took the rake and marched off to the meadow, where the clover had been cut and was waiting for the hay-makers. It was a delightful picture: the wood on the left, the shining river below the hill, the red-tiled farmhouse across the meadow where the lads were at work carting the earlier hay. I had the ten acres to myself, and set to work, conscious that, if I was to deal effectively with the field by sunset, I must work hard. I was pleased to be by myself, for I have had occasion to notice that the local agriculturist does not accept me as an authority upon questions of farming. He has his old traditions, founded on the practice of past generations, and, when I tell him something that is quite modern from a newly published treatise on farming or an article in an agricultural paper, he laughs scornfully. Machinery is an evil thing, in his eyes: he knows, or has heard, of one or two men who have been seriously hurt by machines in the past ten years, and sighs for the days when sickles were universally used and self-binders were unknown.

The first hour's work showed me conclusively that agricultural labourers are overpaid. I saw myself in fair way to do the whole field and earn a sovereign. Six pounds a-week is three hundred pounds a-year. The second hour's work accomplished less, and, as I remembered it is only at harvest-time that the piecework system is followed, I realised that the glorious summer of the harvest-men cannot endure for more than two months. Yet two months at a pound a-day seemed to make the exodus from the land to the towns quite unjustifiable. At the end of the second hour, I took twenty minutes for reflection, and sent a little boy who passed down the road to the Wheatsheaf for a quart of shandy-gaff. It cost me fivepence and came in a sealed bottle, so I had to send the lad into the next field to borrow a knife and a glass, and I gave him threepence for his trouble.

For the first twenty minutes of the third hour I did great things; the last forty were less remarkable. There is a great deal of land in ten acres; a rake is an awkward instrument to handle; clover is not an easy grass to understand. Most of my fourth hour was spent watching for another lad who would go to the Wheatsheaf and get some more shandy-gaff for me. I was too tired to go for myself, and, as nobody passed, I felt bound to stack enough of the clover to make a couch, and to drown my trouble in sleep. Thus I escaped the great heat of the day, and, when a nasty creeping thing with legs like the sands upon the seashore for multitude tickled me into wakefulness, a little girl was picking wild roses from the hedge. She went off to the Wheatsheaf for me, and then to my lad with instructions to bring lunch to me in the field, for I had decided not to lose a minute. I put in half-an-hour's sound work so soon as my throat had ceased to feel like the Sahara Desert in the dog-days, gave the little girl twopence, and told her to call again in the afternoon.

It is impossible to deny that I made certain progress with the clover, but I do not wish to suggest for a minute that the pace was great. I began to realise that the agricultural labourer is not the overpaid person I took him to be in the early morning, and that lunch has a deterrent effect upon open-air labour. I thought the little girl was quite a long time coming, and the third quart of shandy-gaff seemed a poor measure. But the view was more delightful than ever, and I felt constrained to pass half-an-hour or so looking at it. Over the hedge, other labourers were working hard and singing at their work. A great wain stood by the gate, and the horses tried in vain to brush flies off their shoulders with their tails, an attempt that discounts equine intelligence. Other horses drew waggons loaded high with hay down the road to the stack-yard, where the farmer was busily engaged. The land seemed very full of labour, and I was not a little proud to be taking my share. I envied the lads who took their task so lightly that they could sing at it. I wanted all my breath.

The weather seemed unfavourable for tea, and I was not very thirsty, so I devoted my tea interval to the clover-heap and thought myself to sleep. I dreamt I was on the enchanted island of the Duke of Milan. Prospero was saying to me—

"For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up,"

while Miranda looked on compassionately, a big jug of shandy-gaff in her hand. I woke with a start. Farmer Giles was leaning on a fork and looking at me.

"Ye've done a little more'n an acre," he remarked, "though ye've done ut well, an' I'll gie ye two shillin' for ut." I noted and resented a certain kindly contempt in the farmer's tone, a suggestion



"SHE WENT OFF"

of surprise that I had turned even one acre and turned it properly. But when I asked him what he thought of my prospects on the land, he appeared highly amused and would not say a word.

I reckoned up my outlay in shandy-gaff and messengers to Wheatsheaf and cottage; the amount was one-and-ten, so I decided to leave agriculture and remain constant to journalism.

To-day I find that Prospero was well informed.—S. T. BENSUSAN.





SOMEBODY SENDS MCLAREN A REFRESHER

HARROW GETS ETON ALL OUT FOR 72 AND GOES IN TO BAT BEFORE LUNCH.



INCIDENTS OF THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.  
SKETCHED AT LORD'S BY RALPH CLEAVER.

## DR. WINNINGTON INGRAM: THE MAN AND THE BISHOP.

THE Bishop of London is one of the hardest-worked and busiest men in England at the present time. That would always be true, under ordinary circumstances. It is doubly so just now. The See of London, although one of the smallest in point of size, is, naturally, the largest in point of population, and these two facts, taken together, make it probably the most onerous of any of the Bishopsrics.



FULHAM PALACE.

Certainly Dr. Mandell Creighton found it so. Most of the Bishops, when they are on tour through their See, can stop the night wherever they may be, but the Bishop of London is almost of necessity compelled to go back to Fulham or to St. James's Square.

What makes Dr. Ingram particularly busy just now is that he has had so much to do with the Coronation preparations, as well as with the special rejoicings which, in spite of the King's illness, have, nevertheless, been held, in anticipation, as it were, of the event to which all eyes are now so hopefully and thankfully turned.

Not that hard work ever troubled him, for Dr. Ingram has been a hard worker all his life. He worked hard at Marlborough; he worked hard at Keble College, so that he took an excellent degree in the schools and an excellent degree on the river, for he won his College Blue. He worked hard, as a young clergyman, in the West of England, where he showed he was a man to be reckoned with. He worked harder still when he became the Head of Oxford House, in 1888, at the age of thirty. He worked harder still when he became Bishop of Stepney, and, as Bishop of London, he probably knows no let-up at all. Work, and hard work at that, is his *milieu*, but, as he is a born administrator and organiser, his work is probably done with less trouble than that of a man who has only a tithe of his duties to perform.

Oxford House developed his organising capacity, as it taught him how to use men to further the cause of man, for it was chiefly owing to his personal efforts that many of the Clubs of the East-End were formed, as it was he who induced many of the Public Schools to become so interested in the Oxford Settlement that they each undertook, in part at least, to support a Club. Personal, not vicarious, work—most certainly, not theory—was his method of getting hold of the people in the East-End, and they are a particularly difficult lot to get hold of. The "foot-and-door trick," as he called it, was one he learnt to perform with considerable success; and, as he once declared, "every clergyman who understands not only his own business, but, what is more important, his Master's business, must learn to practise it." It is an example of getting an inch in order to take an ell. When the clergyman calls, as he once explained, "after some time, a little girl opens the door, and you hear a voice from the wash-tub at the back ask, 'Who is that, Sally?' Sally shouts back, 'Please, mother, it's Religion'!"—a phrase which, Dr. Ingram believes, needs all a man's presence of mind to combat. With the door opened, the clergyman gently insinuates his foot between it and the door-post, so that it cannot be shut easily, and so gets a chance of speaking for a few minutes, at all events, though it is "ruination to the boots, and sometimes hurts the toes."

That such work can be made to appeal to even the difficult East-End is evident from a remark made by a man when he heard that Dr. Ingram had been appointed to his present exalted office. "God bless him!" he said; "'e's a good 'un, 'e is, and a straight 'un, and what 'e has done for me and my pals nobody knows."

Most Bishops preach temperance. Dr. Ingram practises teetotalism. He is said to believe in it for itself; but it is certain that he regards it as an indispensable qualification in anyone who wishes to advance the cause of temperance among the intemperate. At a meeting of workmen, one day, he was discussing the usual question, when one of the men shouted, "Are you a 'tot'?" "Of course, I am," said the Bishop. "All right, then," he replied; "fire away. If you wasn't, I wouldn't listen to you."

Scarcely less striking is the incident which has often been told, that, when preaching to a lot of men one day, he advised them to "break the chain of sin at once." At the end of his sermon, a young man went up to him and handed him a flask of liquor. "That's my chain," he said; "break it for me. You knew it was my chain; I could see your eye on me all the time you were talking."

Perhaps because he knows the difficulties of life, certainly because, like his predecessor, he is a man before he is a Bishop, Dr. Ingram has a certain pity for those who drink, and he rarely even abuses those who supply drink; yet he has probably been the cause of the ruin of more than one publican who found that, when it was a question of Beer *versus* Ingram, Ingram won.

Dr. Ingram's predecessors in the Bishopsrics of London and of Stepney used to compose their sermons and addresses when on the road to deliver them. Dr. Ingram has had to do the same ever since he became Bishop of Stepney, and possibly even before. *Punch* some time ago playfully sketched the Bishop in the following lines, which are as literally true as anything that has probably been written of him—

From morning till evening, from evening till night,  
I preach and I organise, lecture and write;  
And all over London my gaitered legs fly—  
Was ever a Bishop so busy as I?

For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of ham,  
As I rush up the stairs of a Whitechapel tram;  
Or, with excellent appetite, I will discuss  
A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo 'bus.

No table is snowy with damask for me;  
My cloth is the apron that covers my knee.  
No man-servants serve, no kitchen-maids dish up  
The frugal repasts of this Suffragan Bishop.

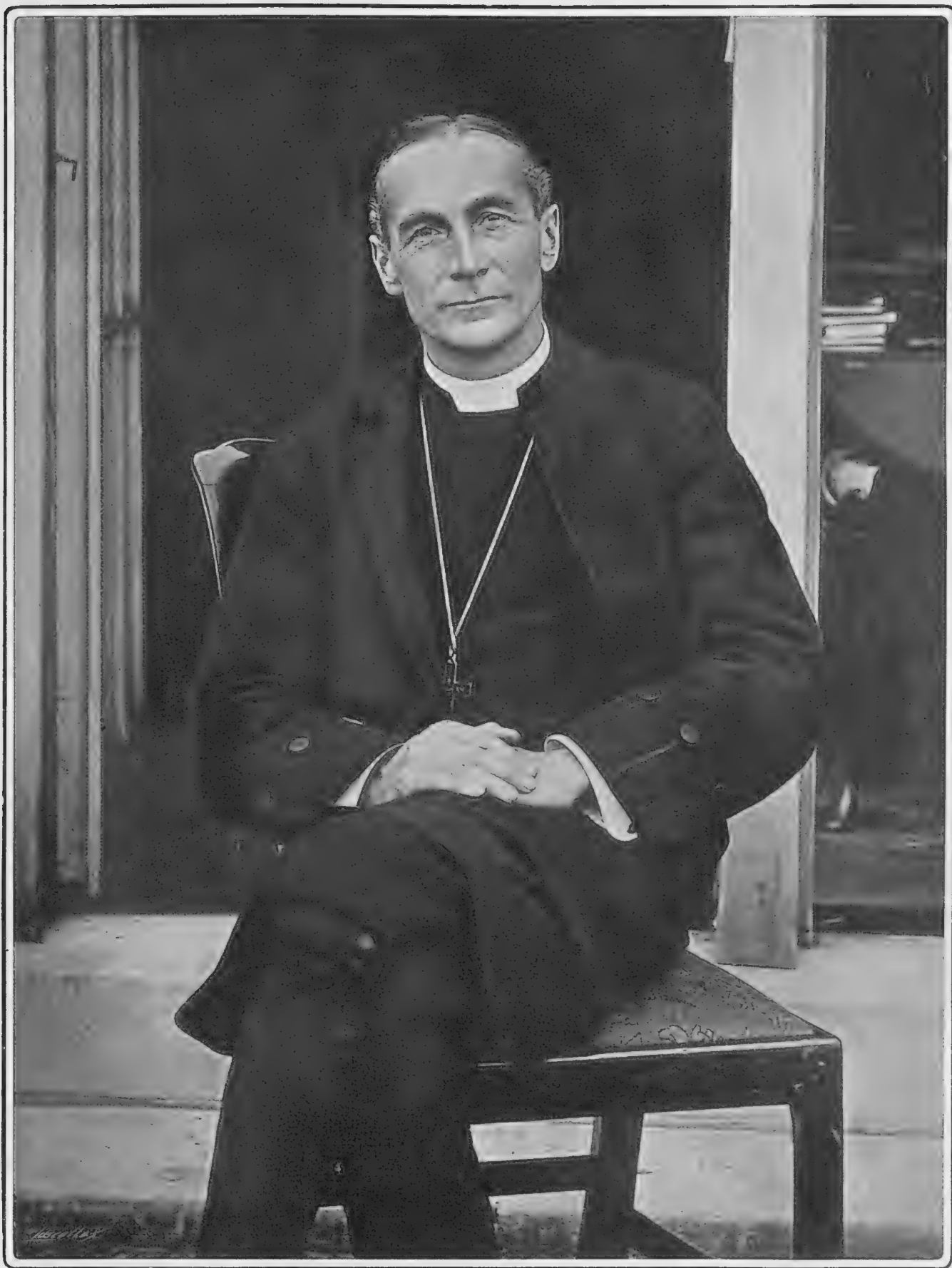
And so he goes, doing all that comes his way to the uttermost, with patience, with energy, and with a touch of humour, unless his twinkling eyes belie him, which, like a little leaven, leaveneth the whole.



THE CHAPEL, FULHAM PALACE.

Photographs by R. K. Durrant and Son, Torquay.





DR. WINNINGTON INGRAM, BISHOP OF LONDON.

*Photograph by R. K. Durrant and Son, Torquay.*



THE Alexandre Dumas Centenary, which has just been celebrated in France, has produced the usual crop of anecdotes, some of which will, I fancy, be new to English readers. First of all, the much-disputed question as to the date of Alexandre Dumas' birth has been finally settled by publication of a letter from Dumas himself, in which he says—

I was born at Villers-Cotterets, a little town in the Department of Aisne, two leagues from Ferté-Milon, where Racine was born, and seven leagues from Château-Thierry, the birthplace of Lafontaine. I was born on the 2nd of July, 1802, in the house belonging to my friend Cartier. He, many years afterwards, wanted to sell it to me, in order that I might die in the room where I was born, that I might enter into the night of the future in the same place where I made my appearance out of the night of the past.

The old story of Alexandre Dumas' fifty-three francs has been served up in a new and better guise. One day, it is said, Dumas *finds* his father working as usual. "How are you?" "I am very tired." "You ought to rest!" Then Dumas opened his drawer, and, showing him two twenty-franc pieces, said, "My dear boy, when I arrived in Paris in 1823, I had fifty-three francs; you see now I have only forty. I cannot possibly rest until I have managed to catch up those thirteen francs!"

It was Dumas *finds* who said of his father, "My father is so vain that he would climb upon the seat of his own carriage in order to make people think that he kept a negro coachman."

When M. de Villemessant was founding *Le Grand Journal*, he wrote to Dumas asking for his assistance. Dumas at once prepared a romance in six volumes. In the meantime, the Editor asked him for some articles or causeries, which were to be published immediately. "I have the very thing!" cried Dumas. "I was just about to start on a whole series about snakes." "On snakes?" "Yes. I have the entire subject at my fingers' ends. I spent half my life studying them. There's not a soul who knows anything about the dear, interesting little creatures. You will find it will be a great success—this article." The Editor, half-convinced, agreed to accept this article "on snakes," saying to himself, "After all, Dumas is very likely to hit on something effective." "If you want a little cash in advance, you can draw on me." "I have plenty," said Dumas; "for the first time in my life, I confess; but, still, I really have enough." They parted, and the Editor returned to his office. On arriving there, he found Alexandre's secretary waiting for him, with the following paper, ready signed: "Received the sum of fifty napoleons on account of my story. A hearty squeeze of the hand.—A. D." The next day, the secretary arrived with the first feuilleton and a letter which ran: "MY DEAR FRIEND,—Be kind enough to hand the bearer the sum of nine napoleons.—A. D." The very same evening came a despatch from Havre: "On receipt of this, please send twenty napoleons to my lodgings at Frascati. A thousand thanks.—A. D." An hour later came another: "MY DEAR BOY,—I should have said thirteen, not twenty naps. You are my best friend. The feuilleton is on the road.—A. DUMAS."

The finale of this capital story is no less characteristic. The feuilleton arrived by post on the following day, and was found to contain exactly four lines of Dumas' composition—two at the beginning and two at the end of the paper. Thus it ran: "I copy from my good friend, Dr. Revoil, the following particulars about snakes." Then came a long essay on that subject, all copied out in his own neat handwriting, and closed by this original remark: "In my next I will deal with the boa-constrictor, the most curious of all the snakes." By the way, it seems to have been generally overlooked that the "greatest fraud in history," the imaginary millions of Madame Humbert, was directly inspired by the reading of Dumas' "Count of Monte Cristo."

A week or so ago, I gave some particulars of the amusing controversy between M. Edmond Rostand and Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross, of Chicago, the author of "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," the original, according to the Chicago Courts, of Rostand's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac." The following particulars of the original Chicago play itself are not without interest. The work has been printed for private circulation only, but, as an American critic says, "It is a pity that a work so well adapted to excite emotions of hilarity in persons of either sex or of any age or condition should be kept from the general public." The play begins—

The hour of dawn! How thrilling and intense!  
The matin songs of birds, that dart and soar  
On quivering wings, now break upon the sense  
As sharply as the cannon's voice at mid-day.

One of the most diverting characters is Professor Sythe, who, when asked for a definition of love, replies—

"With the passionless precision of science, I say unto you, Mayor Whetstone, though she you love is the most symmetrical duplex pyramidal aggregation of atoms in the human saccharine conglomeration, shun love and court science; for by spectroscopic analysis of the light proceeding from the eyes of jealous lovers I have seen their spleen turning a dark green."

There are some pretty flights of fancy in the play, which must, I suppose, have influenced the Chicago Judges, for it is obvious that they have suggested many of M. Rostand's most poetic effusions. What could be better than the following?

"I've made you a business proposition that's worth more than all your books. I've got the booty and you've got the beauty. Is it a trade?"  
"Would that a sea-maid I might be made to see."  
"You could not have chosen a better suit (of clothes) in which to press your suit."

In fairness, however, to Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross, of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.; it ought to be said that "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," from which "Cyrano de Bergerac" was so flagrantly plagiarised, was written "as a diversion amidst business pursuits."

A new story by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "Wireless," is to appear in an early number of *Scribner's*.



THE LATE REV. D. P. CHASE, PRINCIPAL OF  
ST. MARY HALL, OXFORD.  
Photograph by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

and the Manxman"; "Rupert the Resembling"; "The Adventures of John Longbow"—a parody of some recent historical fiction; "Dan'l Borem," a new rendering of David Harum. o. o.

The recent death of Dr. Chase deprived Oxford University of one of its most popular and best-known figures. Indeed, it may be said that almost the whole of his long life was devoted to the service of his beloved University. Educated at Pembroke College, Dr. Chase was elected to a scholarship at Oriel sixty-four years ago, in 1842 gained a Fellowship, and afterwards held various important College offices. An old-fashioned High Churchman, he took no part in the "Oxford Movement," though he was on intimate terms with its leaders, and made no secret of his sympathy with their views. Since 1857 he had been Principal of St. Mary Hall, which will now be amalgamated with Oriel. Dr. Chase was intensely conservative in University affairs, but he was an excellent tutor and administrator, a good preacher, was widely read in classical and modern literature, and, withal, was shrewd, witty, and had a mind stored with interesting anecdotes and reminiscences. His published writings were not many, and consisted chiefly of a translation of Aristotle's *Ethics* and various sermons. Dr. Chase's hospitality and geniality had endeared him to a wide circle of friends at Oxford, and his memory will be kept green for many a long day to come.

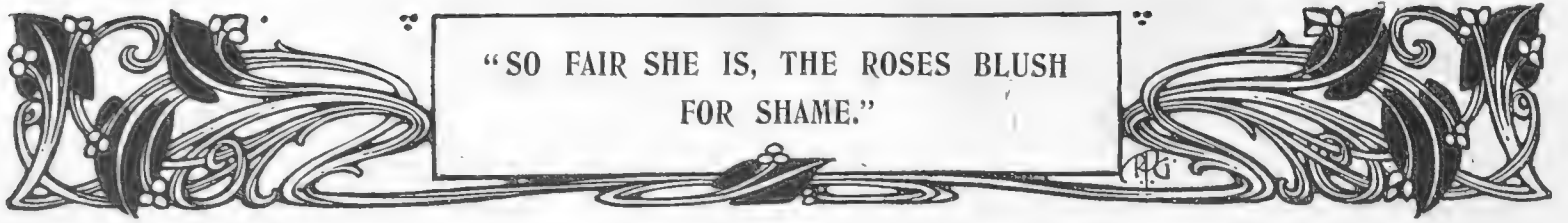


"SO FAIR SHE IS, THE ROSES BLUSH  
FOR SHAME."



MISS ZENA DARE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS DAISY THIMM.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.*



"SO FAIR SHE IS, THE ROSES BLUSH  
FOR SHAME."



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.*

"SO FAIR SHE IS, THE ROSES BLUSH  
FOR SHAME."



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

### THE SCOT UNMASKED.

**THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT** (Grant Richards), certainly the most candid book of the new century, has been written, its author declares, for Englishmen, but it is also "in the nature of a broad hint for Scotchmen." So far, so good; but "hints," runs the Caledonian proverb, "are just as fowk takes them," and if Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's persuasive suggestions should be interpreted otherwise than he intends, he must simply put it down to the national "thrawnness," not to say obtuseness. But the day must surely come when Mr. Crosland will be recognised as the saviour of England from Scotland and of the Scot from himself. The stroke has been long in falling. Johnson, it is true, attempted it, but he hit spasmodically and to little purpose. Occasionally, too, as in the case of Robertson's History, he compromised, which ruined his cause. But for Mr. Crosland, as a poet he detests once put it in another connection, "liberty's in every blow," and he does grim and doughty execution. To adapt the Ballad of Harlaw—

The first ae straik that Crosland strak,  
He gart Macdonald reel;  
And the next ae straik that Crosland  
strak,  
The brave Macdonald fell,

of a wound that must certainly be mortal.

The headings of Mr. Crosland's chapters are illuminating, and, if indicated in order, constitute in themselves an admirable synopsis of the work. He goes to the root of the matter in "The Superstition," and thus demolishes once for all the Englishman's misplaced regard for the Scot—

He is the one species of the human animal that is taken by all the world to be fifty per cent. cleverer and pluckier and honester than the facts warrant. He is the daw with the peacock's tail of his own painting. He is the ass who has been at pains to cultivate the convincing roar of a lion. He is the fine gentleman whose father toils with a muck-fork. And, to have done with the parable, he is the bandy-legged lout from Tullietudlescleugh who, after a childhood of intimacy with the cesspool and the crab-louse, and twelve months at "the college," on moneys wrung from the diet of his family, drops his threadbare kilt and comes South in a slop-suit to instruct the English in the arts of civilisation and the English language; and, because he is Scotch and the Scotch superstition is heavy on our Southern lands, England will forthwith give him a chance, for an English chance is his birthright. Soon, forby, shall he be living in "chambers" and writing idiot books, or he shall swell and hector and fume in the sub-editor's room of a halfpenny paper, or, for that matter, soak away his chapped spirit in the four-ale bars of Fleet Street. Hence, as an elegant writer in one of the weekly reviews puts it, the Englishman is painfully aware that it is the Scot who thrusts him aside in the contest for many of the best prizes.

What particular prizes are stolen by Scotsmen from Englishmen in the four-ale bars Mr. Crosland does not specify. But, doubtless, they are sufficiently important, or he would not have pointed out the abuse.

The Scottish gentleman of the old school, as drawn by Dr. George Lockhart, is shown to be an utter delusion; and as for the new school

which Mr. Crosland claims to have discovered, it consists, he avers, merely of one man, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who edits certain journals and "lounges about literature in a paper called *The Sketch*." Between the new school and the old, in fact, there is hardly a penny to choose, so that it is high time the "superstition" were exploded. The chapter on predecessors is mainly valuable for the light it throws on Shakspeare's opinion of Scotsmen, while as for the "pow-wow men"—which means, presumably, the pow-wow men, or politicians—it has gained additional point by the promotion of Mr. Balfour to the Premiership. "In the seats of the mighty," writes our author, with fine appreciation, "in the seats of Benjamin Disraeli and William Ewart

Gladstone, grins Balfour and dodders Campbell-Bannerman." "The Scot in Journalism," the reader will already have guessed, contains some shrewd knocks at Dr. Nicoll, while the chapter on the villages of Thrums and Drumtochty and that on Barbie consist mainly of verbatim quotations from Messrs. Barrie, Maclaren, and Douglas. No better method of exposing the fatuity and brutality of these benighted Scottish writers could have been devised. Quotation uncovers their nakedness, and in a single judicious line near the end Mr. Crosland points their shame: "To put Thrums, Drumtochty, and Barbie into one vessel, to mix them and make a blend of them, is probably to get at the truth about the Scot, and, when one has done this, one can only apprehend that the average Scotchman is a compound of two things—to wit, the knave and the fool." That knave and fool were fitly blended in Robert Burns no one can doubt after reading the essay on "The Bard." This chapter, his masterpiece, Mr. Crosland must really print in the form of a tract and circulate among all the Burns Societies. If this be done, the 25th of January will at length be celebrated in Scotland as a solemn fast instead of a day of godless and unseemly revelry. The chapters on the Scot as critic, as biographer, in letters,

in commerce, and in his cups lead you by easy and natural stages to the consideration of the Scot as criminal, although in all the aforementioned aspects he has already been proved criminal enough. The Scot by adoption is more to be pitied than blamed, for he is an Englishman who has had the misfortune to marry "a daughter of Scotia, ruddy, chapped, and sharp of tongue." "The Scot and England" ably manifests the former in his true light as a pauper alien, and this gives logical significance to Mr. Crosland's tenth rule for the conversion of Scotsmen, which runs, in very large capitals, "If, without serious inconvenience to yourself, you can manage to remain at home, please do."

To sum up, so earnest and downright a criticism of a mean, misguided, and loutish nation cannot fail, in the course of a few generations, to produce tremendous results. Personally, I question whether Scotland will survive it.

J. D. SYMON.



MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT."

"THE AIR NIMBLY AND SWEETLY RECOMMENDS ITSELF—"



DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.



—UNTO OUR GENTLE SENSES.”



## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## THE YELLOW DOMINO.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



WHEN the scheme was mooted to me, my first thought was that, unseen myself, I should see Eleanora, so I was eager for it.

The others thought on the madcap prank it was, and that their empty paunches should soon be filled with King's meat and drink. And for this

last I do not blame them, seeing that

the gentlemen of the Irish Regiment more often than not went supperless to bed, since glory was more plentiful in the French King's service than Louis d'Or; and arrears of pay seemed likely but to grow greater.

Terence d'Esterre held a hat for the money, and we each cast in what we could, he who had been lucky of late at the gaming-table more, he who had lost less. We kept no count of the sums, but, in the end, we had enough to pay for one ticket of admission to the great Mask, and for a yellow domino.

The thing that gave us our opportunity was that that night the gentlemen of the Irish Regiment were on guard at the Palace. The Mask was given for a charity by the Queen's wishes; hence it was called the Queen's Mask, and all of fashion, of beauty, and of wealth in the capital would pay for its admittance, and so swell the coffers of St. Vincent de Paul.

While my comrades laughed and joked about me, I thought upon the last time I had seen Eleanora, when she and I had litten down from our horses in the Vale of Arlo, and, while the beasts cropped the sward near us, I had taken her into my arms and her golden head had lain upon my heart. I remembered how the blackbird sang, and the smell of a whitethorn all in bloom close by that it seemed to intoxicate me with ecstasy. The way the blue wall of mountain shut us from the world, the very pattern of the gossamer on the grass, I remembered.

At that time there was nothing strange in Sir Maurice Desmond lifting his eyes to Lord Lahinch's daughter. Why, we had been brought up in neighbouring houses, and our families had always been friends and allies. If the money dwindled at Bunclody while Lahinch fattened, that was but the fault of the troublous times, for I gave with both hands, as my father gave before me, to the cause of King James and his son. Whereas Lord Lahinch, "the old fox," as people called him, made his sly hoards, and waited, it was said, to see who should be the winner before he flung up his cap for the Dutchman or the Stuart. I have marvelled often upon how Eleanora came to be his daughter.

When we brought our tale to the old fox, the first shadow of trouble fell upon our love. For he hummed and hawed, was cautious, more like a lawyer than a noble gentleman, talked of the trouble that was coming, in the end bid us wait without an engagement between us.

"What, Sir Maurice," he said, "take a wife when Sarsfield has need of soldiers! I am an old man, not a fighter, and I can protect my girl. When the blood and fire of war burns the country up, only an old man like myself, who am out of the fight and have a stout castle to boot, can protect women. When King James is on the throne again, it will be time to talk of marriages."

The old fox proved better than his word, for, though he conveyed his daughter and his money-bags privily from the country before the war broke out and deposited them at the French Court, where he had a kinswoman high in favour with the Queen, yet he returned and held Lahinch Castle for King James against King William, and had his head blown off by a cannon-ball, for which I forgave him many things, believing that he was an honest man at last.

As for me, when it was over, I was the poorest man between the four seas of Ireland, for my house was in ashes, my land seized and sequestered, and I had lost Eleanora. Rumour had it that she was a great heiress and betrothed to the son of the Duc de Picardy. But she could not be further from me though she were wedded, and so I

said of her to myself; yet could not keep from being light-headed with joy when we came home from the Low Countries to Paris, and all because I might by chance happen to see the Lady Eleanora.

Indeed, I may as well confess it, she filled my thoughts to the exclusion of all others. No woman's face came between me and her for a second, and my comrades laughed at me for an anchorite who was never tempted, although the girls, as is their way, but sought me the more the colder I was.

I left such pretty things to the heart-whole. I could game and drink with another; but Love had done his worst on me, and I was impervious. They said I was grown so serious since we came to Paris that I turned the wine sour. I was not conscious of it. I had been gay enough in Flanders. But certainly, catching sight of myself in a mirror, I saw that I was grown haggard. Lean I had ever been, but now I was worse than lean, with a fire on my high cheek-bones and in the depth of my eyes which was set there, I believe, by my love, unslaked, for Eleanora.

My gentlemen of the Palace Guard were chosen for our height and size. I, Maurice Desmond, am six-foot-four, and lean as a hound. Hardships had told on me as well as love. But I was not the greatest of the troop. There was Andrew MacManus two inches greater, and Laurence Maguire an inch. That night the Yellow Domino was higher than any gentleman at the Mask, and it was not likely he should pass unnoticed.

It was a matter of honour with us that we should eat and drink as fast as might be, seeing that there were thirty hungry gentlemen to be fed before morning broke. We cast lots for the order of precedence, and, as it chanced, I came to be the last of all, wherefore Luke Monroe clapped me on the shoulder and congratulated me that I was not likely to have an indigestion from too speedy feeding, if I ran the risk of getting no supper at all.

I would have bartered many suppers to catch but one sight of Eleanora, wherefore it chafed me that my lot should have been cast last. Nor could I ask any to change with me, seeing that all were so hungry, and had not known what it was to have as full a meal as this was like to be for many a year; if, indeed, they had it ever; for it is not every day that a plain gentleman is cooked for by M. Paul, the King's *chef de cuisine*.

It was a keen night, with a sky of purple, a white bow of a moon, and stars that trembled like quicksilver in the frosty air. I preferred the courtyard to the guard-house and the merriment of my fellows; indeed, it seemed that that night was the consummation of many years, for I did not doubt I should see the face like a lily set in gold that had once yielded itself to my kisses. If I might but bridge the years and the months and carry her off to the Old Country, away from the splendour of the Court and her new lover who was now winning glory in the Low Countries! The new lover! The thought of him made me gnash my teeth. Why, if ever a woman had had a heart sacred to love, surely it was the heart of Eleanora. I had caught a trick of being bitter in the past years, but it seemed to slip from me now that I was near her. I was soft as my comrades, who could mock about women till we toasted the girls at home, and then they fell dumb.

The first cock had crowed before the ticket was thrust in my hand and the Yellow Domino over my head and shoulders. But the ball was still at its height. The Court was dancing a minuet. As I pushed my way through the masks, someone plucked at my domino. I looked down, to see a little, sharp-faced man wearing a cook's cap and white apron.

"Come with me," he said; "I have something worthy of so distinguished a gourmet. You have done me honour to-night, Monsieur."

I knew not if it were a jest or not, but I allowed him to draw me into the supper-room. The place was no such ruin as I had expected. Many servants carried away empty dishes and replaced them by full.

I stared like a child. On every side, fountains of wine flowed. The tables blazed with lights and groaned with venison and boars'-heads,



pasties and all manner of delicate meats, and birds disguised in some instances beyond the knowing. There was a peacock with all his feathers on; there was a roast sucking-pig drowned in wine, and the smell of him very savoury. There were all manner of puddings, and a fort of quaking jelly with a moat of cream and a drawbridge of barley-sugar drew my eyes to gape at it.

"Fall to, most excellent gentleman; fall to!" said the little man, rubbing his hands and gazing at me with his head to one side, and his sharp, black eyes gloating upon me.

"How long does the Court stay?" I asked.

"Why, it will dance in the dawn," he responded; "perhaps two hours hence the coaches will be called for."

I fell to then, realising that I was a hungry man, and, faith, I cleaned the platters with a vengeance, but, as fast as I ate, other delicacies were laid before me as though by magic. And I drank great draughts of the most excellent wine, which seemed to take the cold from my heart that had lain there so long—indeed, since Eleanora had left it empty.

I had the last goblet to my lips, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, turning round, I became aware that the room was filled with ladies and gentlemen, all very splendidly clad and sparkling with jewels. There was not a mask to be seen, unless, indeed, it was the little cook, who had fallen into the background, and stood there rubbing his hands in an attitude of great humility.

"Who are you, Master Yellow Domino," asked he whose hand was on my shoulder, "that wear the mask when the signal has been given to unmask, and who do such great justice to our good things?"

I knew the face well between its falling masses of curls, even if I had not recognised "Le Grand Monarque" by the stars and orders with which he glittered magnificently.

I gave the soldier's salute. I did not dare uncover, for there, by the Queen, stood Eleanora, all in white and gold tissue, more beautiful, if more sad, than I remembered her.

The King gave me another slap on the shoulder.

"Why, you are the most prodigious fellow," he said; "a grosser feeder even than M. Porthos. Tell us again, good Paul, what he has eaten."

The little cook, whom I now perceived to be no other than the King's cook, then came forward and testified that since ten o'clock I had not been above five minutes absent from the tables.

"Since he was observed, Sire, he has eaten——"

He produced his tablets, and I will say that even for thirty gentlemen of the Irish Regiment the consumption of food and drink was indeed prodigious. As he went on, the King roared with laughter. The Queen and her ladies hid their merriment behind their fans, all except Eleanora, who watched me with a strange intentness, as though she had somehow fathomed my disguise.

The supper-room was now full to the door, everyone tip-toeing and stretching to catch a sight of the Yellow Domino.

"Come, sir," said the King, "we must see your face. Off with the domino! You are one of the wonders of the world. You shall stay with us, and we will see how many cooks it will take to satisfy your hunger."

"Sire," I said, "before I uncover, may I explain to your Most Excellent Majesty how it came that I ate as for thirty?"

I saw Eleanora turn pale at the sound of my voice, and the impulse was so strong upon me to take her once more into my arms that I had to turn away my eyes to resist such madness.

"And may I further, before I speak," I went on, "ask your Majesty's royal clemency for myself and my comrades?"

"Oh-ho!" said the King, looking, as I thought, a little disappointed. "So you have not eaten all the food yourself?"

"Sire," I said, "no man could do it and live."

"Why," I thought not," he replied. "If you did it, Master Yellow Domino, you would put in the shade all the gentry who swallow swords and feed on red-hot pokers. Now, speak. None shall hurt you or your fellows. What is your name and who are your comrades?"

"If you please, Sire," I replied, "I am Maurice Desmond, a captain in your Majesty's Irish Regiment of Horse, and the Yellow Domino is not only myself, but twenty-nine other gentlemen of the Regiment."

"Oh-ho!" he said; "you were my guard to-night?"

"We were not invited to sup with your Majesty," I said, "so we bought a ticket for the Mask and a yellow domino. It has served us all."

"And you are satisfied?" he asked, politely. "You approve of my cook?"

"We never wish to sup better, Sire," I answered.

"Are there any more of you to sup?" he asked, his lips twitching.

"I am the last of thirty, Sire," I said.

"Why, Heaven be praised for that," he responded, "or else we should have a famine in our kitchen! I envy the gentlemen of the Irish Regiment their appetites."

With that he roared with laughter, as though he thought it the funniest jest in the world; and all the others joined him, so that the supper-room rang with merriment. But I stood with my eyes on the ground, not daring to look at Eleanora's face.

Suddenly the King became serious and looked about him.

"Is there anyone here who knows Captain Maurice Desmond?" he began.

There was a little movement in the crowd, but, before anyone else could speak, my Eleanora stepped forward.

"Sire," she said, "Sir Maurice Desmond is a most brave and honourable gentleman, who lost his all fighting for King James in Ireland."

Her voice trembled a little, and, lifting my eyes to hers, I could see that she looked frightened as a fawn, yet brave as a martyr.



*I lifted her hand to my lips.*

"THE YELLOW DOMINO."

"We were dear friends once," she went on, shaking like a reed, "but the fortunes of war separated us. I have never ceased to look for my friend through all these five years past, yet never thought to seek him in your Majesty's Irish Regiment."

"I think, Sir Maurice Desmond," said the King, "that, if I were you, I would unmask and kiss the lady's hand. I can answer for it that she has been cold to all the rest of the world while she waited for her friend."

Then someone, I know not who, unmasked me, and I stood looking at Eleanora, for if that the King said was true she had never forgotten me. And, indeed, at that moment I had no thought of anything but her. Then I stepped to her side and took her hand, and, being conscious of how silent the supper-room had become, as though we were actors in a stage-play, I lifted my head and looked about me.

Then I caught sight of myself in a mirror and saw what a scarecrow I looked, for we had only come home from the wars and had no money to make ourselves fine. The old blue uniform was faded and patched in places. The gold of the epaulettes was tarnished. My face was rough with exposure to wind and weather, and across my cheek an old sabre-cut darkened and stung now as it will at moments of excitement as though it were not an hour old.

And there stood Eleanora, beside me, before all the great people, beautiful as a July lily in her white and gold, her head proudly uplifted, her eyes shining.

I lifted her hand to my lips. Then, ere I had time to pray for the King's permission to return to my comrades and my duty, someone spoke—an old man, insignificant save for his eagle eye and the blaze of his stars, who had come to the King's elbow. It was the great Turenne himself, the adored of all soldiers.

"Sire," he said, "I know Sir Maurice Desmond as one of the bravest of my comrades-in-arms. For the action at Ypres I have recommended him for a ribbon and star. Your Majesty's enemies know him also, to their sorrow."

"M. de Turenne's recommendations," said the King, "are all-powerful where our Army is concerned, and, since there is no time like the present, permit me, Sir Maurice Desmond."

With that he took a gleaming star from his breast and pinned it upon mine.

"The uniform of the Irish Regiment has seen honourable service," he said, smiling at the shabby and discoloured coat. "It carries its wounds like yourself, my friend, and like M. de Turenne. No matter; the Irish Regiment shall not be forgotten. I am glad—only for the misfortune of my English cousin—to have such soldiers on my side. Now the dance is forming. Will you not lead out the lady whose memory has been so faithful?"

And so, like a man in a dream, I found myself in that splendid chain and garland of ladies and gentlemen, with more eyes upon my shabby uniform than upon the King's brocade. Nor did I care. If I had any room for further felicity than Eleanora gave me, there was the star upon my breast, the splendour of which was enough to hide the poverty beneath. But, as the day broke rosy and grey in the East, I kissed Eleanora's hand and returned to my comrades.

The next day, I was called to the King's presence, and about the same time there was left at my lodging a very fine taffeta suit, laced and slashed, a gift from the King, so that when I went to Court Eleanora had no need to be ashamed of me.

"As though I could be," she says, leaning upon my shoulder to see what I have written.

We have built again the Castle of Bunclody, and, Peace having descended upon the country, we dwell there in great peace and great felicity, and have a boy who is a fighting-man, although but three years old, and carries his father's sword, and, for reward of goodness, is permitted to handle the King's star. He will be like me, tall and lean and a fighter. He is never tired of hearing of the wars in the Low Countries, and especially of the affair at Ypres. And sometimes, when I am quiet, he will climb to my knee and touch my scar with the softest fingers.

As for my comrades, they forgave my leaving them, for the King's treasury at last remembered them, and they received more louis than they had ever dreamt of. Nor kept the same long, be sure. But, while it lasted, they toasted my bride and my happiness; and the golden girdle they gave her for a wedding-gift she holds in the greatest esteem.

## THE POET AND THE RHYME.

### I.

The Poet in his study wrote,  
His brow was lined with care;  
Outside, a song-bird's bursting throat  
Trilled in the summer air.  
The fresh wind o'er the open down  
Brought scent from many a clime;  
He shut the window, with a frown—  
He couldn't find a rhyme!

### II.

The flowers were nodding in the breeze  
Good-night unto the sun,  
And homeward buzzed the laden bees,  
Because the day was done.  
Then came the last bright silver ray  
Of ling'ring sunset-time;  
The Poet turned his face away—  
He could not find a rhyme!

### III.

A maid passed by—a dainty miss,  
Joy dancing in her eyes;  
Her lover met her with a kiss,  
She blushed in sweet surprise.  
They passed together, he and she,  
To Love's enchanted clime;  
The Poet never saw them—he  
Was looking for a rhyme! CLIFTON BINGHAM.



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## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE closing of two such important theatres as the Lyceum and Drury Lane a few days ago still further accentuates the fast-approaching end of the London Theatrical Season. The only other leading theatres left open are Her Majesty's, where Mr. Tree will run "The Merry Wives of Windsor" till after the newly arranged Coronation time; the Avenue, where "The Little French Milliner" still holds sway; the Shaftesbury, with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "There and Back"; the Prince of Wales's, where the again-shifted comedy, "A Country Mouse," celebrated its hundred - and - fiftieth performance last Friday, the 18th inst.; the Gaiety, with "The Toreador"; Daly's, where "A Country Girl" finished its sixth month a night or two ago; the Apollo, with "Three Little Maids"; and its older next-door neighbour, the Lyric, where Mr. Forbes-Robertson proposes to run that charming play, "Mice and Men," till next Easter.

To the far fewer suburban theatres which have closed awhile there is now to be added that beautiful playhouse, the Kennington, which has closed for re-decoration. This theatre will, however, re-open next Monday, with Mr. Dan Leno (now known as the "King's Jester"), in Mr. Herbert Darnley's new musical farce, "Mr. Wix of Wickham," which enthusiastic playgoers who do not mind a little extra travelling will find being tried this week at the big Borough Theatre, Stratford.

As to Old Drury, that ancient "National Theatre" (as the late Sir Augustus Harris loved to call it), that playhouse is already busy, as far as its stage is concerned, Mr. Arthur Collins having even now started active rehearsals for Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new autumn drama, due on Sept. 11. This play, the title of which has not yet been definitely fixed, promises, as far as I have gathered from official sources, to be of even more extensive dimensions than usually obtains at the "Lane" on such occasions. There is, I am informed, some talk of trying in this drama an Alarming Accident on a Flying Trapeze. Whether this daring sensation will be found practicable, even with all the wondrous stage and "gridiron" appliances of the magnificently equipped theatre, remains to be seen. But, whether or no, Drury Lane patrons will still find in the new drama sensations enough and to spare.

In the meantime, it may be noted that Mr. Arthur Collins has already secured for the new drama's interpreters such experienced and popular Druriolanean favourites as Messrs. Herbert Standing, C. M. Lowne, and Sydney Valentine, and Mrs. John Wood.

Sir Henry Irving will start an autumn tour at Birmingham on Sept. 22, and proceed, in order, to Nottingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow (two weeks), Belfast, Dublin, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Bristol, ending just in time to celebrate the Christmas holidays. Then, after a brief mid-winter rest, Sir Henry goes on a short suburban tour, lasting until the time for his return to the Lyceum in April, when he either revives Tennyson's "Becket" or produces Sardou's long-promised play written around the late great Dante.

Touching that other closed theatre, the Imperial, that sumptuous playhouse of Mrs. Langtry's may, I am credibly informed, be taken by Mr. Lewis Waller, who will haply produce a new play which he has long been hoping to try, namely, the Poet Davidson's new adaptation of "Ruy Blas."

As to Mr. Tree, he will take a brief holiday when he closes Her Majesty's after the run of the magnificently cast "Merry Wives of Windsor," and will then actively prepare for his grand production of Mr. Hall Caine's new drama, "The Eternal City," for which he is already engaging a fine cast—the best to be obtained for money. It were well to make a note of the fact that, although Mr. Tree is not just now giving any Saturday performances, he will break this rule by giving a matinée of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" next Saturday, the 26th inst.

Mr. Pinero's new comedy will *not* be the *next* production at the now closed Duke of York's. Mr. Charles Frohman thinks of first trying a certain adaptation from the French.

An interesting theatrical wedding was celebrated at Maidenhead on Monday of last week, when piquant Miss Ada Reeve became the wife of Mr. Alfred Wilfrid Cotton, the theatrical manager. Quite a gay little party, including Miss Edna May and Miss Hilda Moody, assembled to witness the



MISS ADA REEVE, WHO WAS MARRIED ON JULY 14 TO MR. ALFRED WILFRID COTTON, OF THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photograph by Dutbeck and Co., Strand.

ceremony, which was performed in the Queen Street Registry Office by Mr. J. Truscott, Deputy-Mayor and Registrar. Miss Reeve, it is interesting to note, was formally entered as "Adelaide Mary Hazlewood, formerly Reeve, actress, aged twenty-six." The wedding-breakfast was served at a local hotel, the bride and bridegroom subsequently leaving for Eastbourne. Maidenhead, by-the-bye, has this year become a summer resort for stage celebrities. Mrs. Brown-Potter, Miss Cecilia Loftus, Miss Evie Greene, Miss Fanny Ward and her husband, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, and Mr. Herbert Sleath are among the "stars" staying there.

# KEY-NOTES

THE mysterious inspiration which induces the Management of Covent Garden to introduce novelties at the very end of the season has quite been allowed to have its fling within the past few days, when Mr. Herbert Bunning's opera, "La Princesse Osra," and Miss Smyth's "Der Wald" were found to be reserved for the

penultimate week of the season. It was a good thought on the part of the Syndicate to produce an Englishman's work at an English opera-house; the ridiculous part of the matter lay in the fact that a libretto based upon an English novel, set to music by an Englishman, and produced at an English theatre, should need to be translated into French before it could be submitted to an English public. Not to pursue this matter, however, any further, it may be recorded that Mr. Bunning's work was received with quite a considerable amount of applause.

The best judgment that can be given on the opera is to say that, as it progresses, it increases in musical interest, if one but forgets the last couple

of pages of the score. The work essentially belongs to the modern French school, although one bold writer, who naturally recognises its Gallic origin, emphatically declares that the influence, if it be French, is, at all events, not modern. Mr. Bunning's difficulty, it seems to me, has been to avoid tune, at all costs. Every now and then he will burst out into some quite pretty melody, and then he will withdraw himself, like a snail into its shell, and allow his score-paper to record nothing more than a series of not altogether exhilarating recitatives and quasi-dramatic phrases. M. Messenger did the opera the honour to conduct in person; but, though he was extremely skilful and made every available point, he could not withstand the general atmosphere of dullness. Anyway, one is bound to say that Covent Garden played the game quite admirably in the production of this opera; but, if the Syndicate desire to honour the work of an Englishman, why on earth could they not have revived Mr. de Lara's "Messaline," which now for some years has been reckoned by most of those whose opinion is worth having as something not far short of a masterpiece?



MDLLE. MAUBOURG.  
Photograph by Dupont, Brussels.

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Miss Garden, M. Plançon, M. Seveilhac, and other singers of repute took part in the performance, while, as has been said, M. Messenger himself conducted. The chief fault in the actual production on the first occasion was that, the orchestra being far too loud, there were times when the singers' voices could not be heard, and when, in consequence, there was a painful disproportion between the assigned elements of opera. On the whole, the singers did well, Miss Garden in particular singing brilliantly and with distinction, while Plançon was, of course, as distinguished as ever, though it cannot be said that, apart from his splendid singing, he acted in any very versatile spirit.

Mdlle. Maubourg has in the operatic world distinctly advanced her position, so far as London is concerned; she has bright and engaging ways, and her voice is full of charm and sweetness. There are a series of operatic parts which require the extremely useful services of those who do not aspire quite to take chiefest rank in operatic production. One can readily call to mind, for example, Cherubino in "Le Nozze," Siebel in "Faust," and a similar part in "Romeo." In latter-day opera Mdlle. Maubourg takes an even more important and charming place, as has been shown by her impersonations in "Carmen," "Pagliacci," and other works which require modern treatment.

It is not often that stage weapons do any real work, but there are some old sabres now hanging in the armoury of the Opera in Paris which have seen actual fighting. When the mob went to storm the Bastille, they broke into the Opera House and seized what arms they could find. They took the sabres which the chorus used to carry, but rejected the halberds and pikes as useless. After the storming of the Bastille, the borrowed sabres were recovered and restored to the Opera, where they now hang, and are occasionally used on the stage. It is not often that a theatrical "property" has such a weird history attached to it as these old weapons have.

The latest *New York Dramatic Mirror* to hand has a splendid portrait of Mrs. Wood as that fine actress was some forty years ago, before she first came to England (as many of us well remember) to play Miggs in "Barnaby Rudge," at the Princess's, in 1866, and just before she took the town by storm as the frolicsome but fascinating La Belle Sauvage in "Pocahontas," at the St. James's. It was at this theatre that Mrs. John Wood soon afterwards made such a tremendous success by her droll singing of "His Heart was True to Poll," in that excellent burlesque "My Poll and My Partner Joe," by the then Mr. F. C. Burnand.



MISS KATE CUTLER, A CHARMING BALLAD-SINGER AND A FAVOURITE OF THE COMIC-OPERA STAGE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*British Roads and French Roads—The Best in the World—Touring at Home—Railway Porters and Bicycles—Ladies and their Complexions—Saddle-Covers—Warning-Boards and their Care—Cyclists and Motor-Horns—Trueness of the Rim.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 23, 9; Thursday, 8.59; Friday, 8.57; Saturday, 8.56; Sunday, 8.54; Monday, 8.53; Tuesday, 8.52.

I saw it stated the other day that the best of British roads are poor when compared with those of France. This is nonsense. They do a good many things better in France, but, speaking generally, our roads are the best in the world. Of course, if you go to Normandy, where the highways are magnificent, and then compare them with Suffolk, where they are wretched, you can say the French are better than the English. It is, however, rather a habit we British people have of comparing the best with the worst, which is not quite good reasoning.

I write as one who has cycled a great deal abroad, and I am sufficient of a traveller to have reached that point of being able to be enthusiastic about my own country without fear of thinking people may imagine I know no other. Of course, our hotels are rather expensive compared with those of the Continent, and there is so complete a change of life that the very novelty strikes the tourist as meaning that the country is better, whereas it is nothing of the kind.

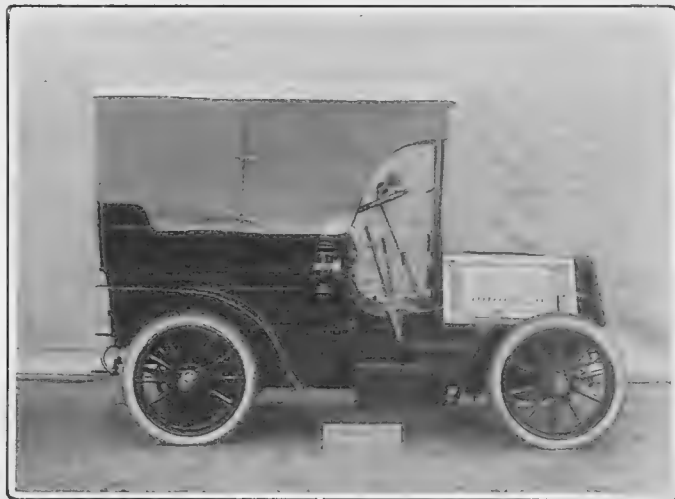
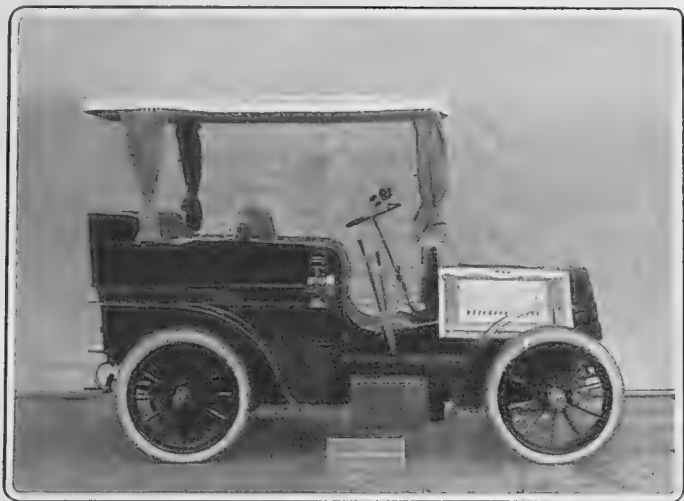
It is admirable, of course, to travel abroad. You meet with many kindnesses, and it gets into your brain that the salt of the earth is not necessarily confined to the British Isles. For a good holiday, however, restful and pleasant, no other land can beat our own. It is full of

There is a disposition for the saddle-cover to again come into favour. I have on several occasions used the cover, and, although it certainly does do a good deal to prevent the wearing of one's clothes, it is inclined to be uncomfortable in summer weather. What is much better is to have a saddle that yields to the motion of the body when pedalling rather than one which is rigid.

Most of us who do a good deal of touring will have noticed the somewhat disreputable appearance of many of the "C.T.C." boards. Most of them were put up several years ago; but, with the wear of the weather and the stone-shying of small boys, they have faded and become almost undecipherable. If you keep your eyes wide open, you can see the red and the blue boards, but there is a tendency for these colours to fade, so that the rider's eye is not attracted.

The "C.T.C." has made an appeal to local cyclists to put these boards into proper condition. That appeal, however, can be of little avail. The local cyclist who knows the highways in his own particular locality does not often need these warning-boards, and he is not disposed to put his hand in his pocket for the benefit of strangers. Therefore, they must further fall into discoloration and uselessness unless the "C.T.C." again take the matter in hand. Where I think the Club would do good service would be to appeal to the local authorities to paint the directions on both sides of cross-road finger-posts. Having such directions only on one side is frequently an inconvenience to the wheelman, who is not at all certain which turn he should take.

It would be a good thing if the use of motor-horns by cyclists could be prohibited by law. Happily, it is at present only the "speed-boy" brigade who adopt these villainous instruments of uproar; but, as they have a decided effect in clearing the roadway, it is possible that other folks, hitherto virtuous, may drop into the sin of adopting them.



TWELVE HORSE-POWER ENGLISH-MADE MOTOR-CAR, WITH SUN-CANOPY AND WATER-PROOF CURTAINS.

historic interest, and the man who likes to find out something about his Mother Country, and who is not merely a mileage compiler, should not be at all ashamed of taking his holidays at home.

I wish railway authorities would give instructions to their porters that a cyclist is, with all his shortcomings, quite as important a passenger as anybody else. I prefer to look after my own bicycle, and, when there are any stairs to be climbed, I would rather carry the machine myself than subject it to the uncertain mercies of a clumsy porter. In the interests of ladies, however, who are not strong enough to carry their machines, porters should not be so negligent as they are.

Notice the delivery of luggage and bicycles at any station. As a rule, the porters will seize the luggage and leave the bicycles to take care of themselves, as far as they are concerned. Should the roadway be on a higher level than the line, they will carry the baggage up the stairs, but leave the bicycle-owner to move his own bicycle. Many a time I have seen a lady very awkwardly getting her machine up the steps when porters have stood by never offering a hand. They don't do it out of wilfulness, but rather, I fancy, out of ignorance that it is any of their duty. It is, nevertheless, and Managers of Railway Companies would be conferring a service if they authoritatively instructed them on this point.

The other day, I met a lady friend who had just returned to town from a week's cycling tour. Her face was red and burned, and the skin rough from the sun, and, in her own words, she was "a fright." Personally, I think a woman none the less charming because she is freckled and the sun has caught the tip of her nose. You cannot, however, get a lady to regard her appearance in the same light. Much of the roughness of the skin that cyclists experience is because, when hot, they wash in cold water, which often has chalk or iron in it. This produces an unpleasant irritation. The best plan is to always wash in warm water, and, to keep the skin in good condition, it is not a bad plan to rub a little cucumber-cream upon it at night before retiring to bed.

It is curious that, while the cyclist is beginning to show a renewed fancy for the motor-horn, the motorist is inclined to drop it and take to the American bell or gong, which is quite as effective and by no means so disturbing to the ear. Motorists travel at such a speed that, undoubtedly, it is an advantage to give loud and far-reaching signal of their approach. The cyclist, however, gets along best who uses his bell as little as possible.

An eye should always be kept on rim-brakes and the rims themselves. Many rims, especially of cheaper manufacture, get out of the true, and when the brake is applied the checking of speed is jerky and uncertain. This does not matter so much to the rear rim-brake, but, when there is untrueness in the rim of the front-wheel, the steering is affected and accidents may ensue. The best plan is to take your machine to a repairer as soon as you find there is a disposition for the rim-brakes not to work steadily and accurately.

J. F. F.

## A TWELVE HORSE-POWER CAR.

The photographs shown here represent the latest pattern twelve horse-power English-made motor-car, fitted with a sun-canopy and adjustable curtains of water-proof material; these close in entirely the sides and back of the car, and during a heavy shower of rain they would afford complete cover for the occupants. A special feature of this four-cylinder engine is a new automatic governor. In the earlier-pattern engines, the governor which cuts off the gas or vapour was placed on the exhaust-valves, causing a vacuum. By an ingenious device, the governor is placed over the induction-valves, and immediately the gas is cut off a small supply of cold air is drawn in by the suction of the piston, and by this the vacuum created by the induction-pipe in the earlier type of engine is now entirely done away with. With this governor, the engine "picks up" more rapidly in traffic. The car was built by the Motor Manufacturing Company, of London and Coventry, and develops sixteen brake horse-power.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Future Events.* The backer's motto tells us "What is latest is often best," which reminds me that a very old and intelligent Turf man has given me a treble event. It is Wabun for the Liverpool Cup, Little Eva for the Stewards' Cup, and St. Brendan for the St. Leger. I am not certain of finding one to beat the trio. Wabun is much fancied for the Liverpool Cup, but the betting on this race has been so unsatisfactory that I think it would be best left severely alone until the numbers have gone up, after which it would be good policy to back the favourite when found. With regard to Little Eva for the Stewards' Cup, the mare has been on the shelf for a very long time, but I am assured that she has retained her full turn of speed. She is a winner over the course, and she was once well backed for this race when she got away very badly. Little Eva, despite her weight, should be ticked as dangerous, and the local horse, Engineer, is another that must not be allowed to run loose. I have heard some truly wonderful stories about the St. Leger candidate, St. Brendan. One Irishman assured me, in all

committed himself. If the Stewards of the Jockey Club would only recognise betting, it would be of great benefit to racing. Some of the flash jockeys have made fortunes too easily of late years. Now is the time to give the poor backers a show.

*Ard Patrick.* It came as a thunderbolt to loiterers in the Clubs when the news was flashed on the tape-machines that Ard Patrick had been struck out of the Eclipse Stakes. It seems the colt was given a good gallop in the presence of some of the Beckhampton patrons, when he pulled up lame. I hope, for the sake of Mr. J. Gubbins, who is a good sportsman, that Ard Patrick will run for the St. Leger, but I must say that I was not struck with his form at Ascot, when, in my opinion, Cup Bearer would have won bar the bumping caused by the last-named. The Kingsclere colt, seemingly, was always going the faster of the two, and certainly he gained ground instead of losing it at the finish of the race. For the sake of his stud career, Mr. Gubbins would, no doubt, start Ard Patrick at Doncaster if he were sound, and it is to be hoped that he is not injured beyond repair. Many lame horses have won big races. Apology captured the St. Leger with three legs, so the historians tell us; Barcaldine won



"RANJI" SURPRISED BY A "SHOOTER."

*These two famous batsmen distinguished themselves last week in the match between Sussex and Surrey at Hastings, K. S. Ranjitsinhji making 234 not out, and C. B. Fry 159.*



C. B. FRY PLAYING BACK.

sincerity, that Mr. Daly's horse could fall down and then win. He has been backed by some of the 'cutest men on the Turf, and is unbeaten. In this particular, I am not likely to forget the late Robert Perks' advice to one of my touts about The Bard. He said, "Follow him until he is beaten, and then follow the one that beats him." I tipped The Bard sixteen times as a two-year-old, and he won every time.

*A Jockey Ring.* I am strongly of the opinion that a jockey ring still exists in our midst. I pity the men engaged in it if they happen to be found out. On two or three occasions of late, I have overheard racecourse touts telling certain bookmakers that this or that favourite would not win, and the sequel has proved them to have been right. The only conclusion I can come to is that the downfall of the favourites was brought about by an arrangement between certain jockeys riding in the races, and this, no doubt, unbeknown to the owners of the favourites. I feel very strongly in the matter of sporting malpractices, and I think the Jockey Club should, in the event of their finding any jockey guilty of pulling, take immediate steps to have him punished by the law of the land. Six months' hard labour would, in my opinion, be a lenient sentence for a swindling jockey; but it might act as a deterrent, and, for that reason, should be resorted to in case of necessity. Another little matter I should like to refer to here. It is that, when a jockey has done anything on the Turf to get warned off, he should never be allowed to come on again. There should be no clemency shown to a jockey who had once

the Northumberland Plate after having had his leg in a bucket all night, and the same thing happened to Goggles in the case of the Liverpool Cup. These are genuine cases; but I have known of horses that suffered from metallic lameness, otherwise known as "pencil fever." They have gone to the post heavily bandaged and won in a walk, to the delight of their immediate followers.

*Starting.* At last the Stewards of the Jockey Club are determined to face the starting question, and, according to rumour, the starting-gate that has been patented by Mr. Frank Watson, an elder brother of the Newmarket trainer, John Watson, is very likely to be adopted at all race-meetings held under Jockey Club rules. By Mr. Watson's gate the start can take place without the jockeys being able to see the Starter pressing the button. We have the authority of S. Loates for stating that a 'cute jockey can poach two lengths by watching the Starter's hand with the gates at present in use. With the electric gate, the Starter could press the button in his pocket, and this is as it should be. We want to see the Sport of Kings carried on in the fairest possible manner. Every horse in a race should be given an equal chance of winning, and, if it were possible to invent a machine to make all the horses try alike, it would be a perfect boon to racing. Backers have quite enough accidents to contend against without bad starts, which, I think, might be avoided, and I congratulate the Stewards on their resolve to encourage the best in the matter of gates.—CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is a worn-out truism to repeat that anticipation is better than accomplishment, yet the truth of that ancient saw continually recurs to remind us afresh of its inevitableness. With a Season that has been an object-lesson in disappointments, we are again all agog for Cowes, or any other seasonable diversion, and lovely woman



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE GOWN OF SOFT SILK AND INSERTION.

is at the moment overhauling her wardrobe with the same energy and interest she may have displayed in designing the unused effects of this impossible summer.

The tailors are, at the moment, busy trying new combinations of colour and material with which to charm the imaginations of their sea-going *clientèle*, and to the inevitable serge gowns, without which Cowes would not be Cowes, they add pipings and applications of suède which, in pale tones, can be made to look both workmanlike and smart. Embroidered cambric on very fine, thin cloths, being also new, and the thicker sorts of lace, such as guipure and Irish crochet, are more used than ever on such materials as alpaca, pale-coloured flannels, and foulards.

A sale now being held at Ernest's, 185, Regent Street, is interesting in this connection, as all the smart French models from his Paris house have been brought over and are being negotiated at very approachable prices. Some quite excellent models of yachting-gowns are also in the list, and a few delectable Paris evening-frocks which would make very effective appearance at September country-house parties.

Talking of houses, I notice that, both in town and out, the popularity of the up-to-date wooden bedstead grows apace; it is so ornamental as opposed to the unmitigated ugliness of black and brass or the swaggering vulgarity of the elaborate brass five-footer. How we of an enlightened generation and with supposed yearnings after art at home have allowed our bedrooms to be invaded by such nightmares in base metal, one knows not. The wooden bedstead of our grandparents' era had certainly its drawbacks, but its Chippendale posts and its

dainty chintz curtains were points of picturesque excellence. In the desire for undisturbed nights and sanitary surroundings, these ornamental objects were banished and the ugly iron bedstead reigned instead. Now, however, the enterprising firm of Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, by introducing wooden bedsteads on new and elegant lines, with iron laths and springs, have restored the decorative values of our upper floors and struck a new note by beautifying our bedrooms. For this alone, these specialists in artistic chamber furnishings deserve a special meed of praise. Solidity, simplicity, and good taste characterise in a special manner Messrs. Heal and Son's productions, while those about to furnish—and of that interested and interesting class there is no end—should observe the colouring and design of Heal's carpets (one of which is illustrated on the next page), which are private and particular to the firm and of the most perfect possible pattern and quality.

The Duke of Cambridge, who is nothing if not sociable, and a living example, besides, of the excellence of the Georgian Constitution—gastronomically speaking—honoured Mrs. Frank Harris at a smart luncheon-party at Prince's the other day. General Albert Williams was in attendance, and to meet the Duke were Lord and Lady Rathmore, Julia, Lady Tweeddale, Mr. and Lady Clementine Walsh, Major Evans Gordon, and some selected others. Prince's has been greatly patronised of Royalty lately, as its superlative cooking certainly deserves, while the Carlton has made a frequent and effective background for the various gorgeous Orientals who have been busily seeing our sights. His sable Majesty of Lewanika, Ras Makonnen, and other dusky potentates will, doubtless, carry away



[Copyright.]

A SERVICEABLE AND SMART BATHING-DRESS.

agreeable if regretful recollections of the superiority of, say, *pommes soufflées* as contrasted with the native mealie, or *vol-au-vent* when put in competition with monkey-stew or, say, ragout of parrots!

The second week in July generally sees a group of smart weddings, but certainly last week broke the record. Lord Dunglass, the only son and



heir of Lord and Lady Home, chose Monday for his very pretty wedding, the new Countess having been Miss Lilian Lambton, a favourite niece of Lord Durham and of Lady Pembroke. On the Tuesday, Lord Londesborough's pretty sister, Lady Mildred Denison, was married to Sir William Cooke, a Yorkshire magnate; and on the same day a great many Roman Catholic notables gathered together at the Oratory to grace the pretty wedding of Captain the Hon. "Bertie" Russell, the youngest son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and Miss Dorothy Leeming. On Wednesday, another military wedding took place, but in the country, Captain the Hon. Gerald Berkeley Portman leading to the altar Miss Dorothy Sheffield, the sister of



A CARPET DESIGN BY HEAL AND SON'S.

Sir Berkeley Sheffield. This week, the great matrimonial function is the wedding of Lord Beauchamp and Lady Lettice Grosvenor.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLA R.—There is a new preparation for the skin and complexion, generally called "Malloween," which I have heard highly praised. You might try it. It is a concoction of Marsh Mallow and other emollients, and its makers claim that it defaces wrinkles, whitens the hands, and performs other oft-essayed wonders, which, should the results support, must quickly raise "Malloween" to the premier position amongst all cosmetics ancient or modern. Any chemist supplies it, or the direct address is 34, Norfolk Street, London.

F. F. (Hounslow).—Sales are on everywhere now, so you will have no difficulty in obtaining what you want at reduced charges. I have not heard if Kate Reily is selling off. You might write and inquire. Paquin, I think, is, and Mackuka.

SYBIL.

#### BISLEY MEMORANDA.

THE shooting at Bisley for the Humphry Cup, which is a four-a-side team match between the older Universities—Oxford and Cambridge—was remarkable this year for little more than its indifference. It invariably attracts a good deal of notice, and the crack match-rifle shots—those fellows who, lying on their backs, can plug strings of bull's-eyes on a target a thousand or eleven hundred yards away—have nearly all graduated in one or other of the University teams, and they look to the annual match as the most promising ground from which to recruit for their own ranks. Oxford once more won, but the event, for some reason or other which could not entirely have been caused by the comparative inferiority of the competitors' performances, failed to arouse any enthusiasm.

The Public Schools' Day was as successful as the Inter-University one had been indifferent. A really fine average of shooting was

maintained throughout the match, and it was equal to the figure of merit of most of the adult-team shoots, such as that for the Kolapore and the United Services Cups. As a matter of fact, the score of the winning team—Cheltenham—was equal to that of the Canadian team last year in the Inter-Colonial match for the Rajah of Kolapore's beautiful trophy, and but six points below that of the Mother Country on the same occasion. All this bodes well for the future of the Volunteer Force and for the Army as well, because it is to the Public Schools, we look, and perhaps properly so, for the boys who eventually will officer our Army in both its regular and auxiliary branches.

As these notes are being written, but little progress has been made in the great contest for the King's Prize, but in the Match Rifle events Major Gibbs, of Gloucester, has already won, after making extraordinarily fine shooting, no less than three first-prizes, one of which is the "Albert." His success this year makes it the third time Major Gibbs has won this prize. The first occasion was twenty years ago. Gloucestershire produces champions in other spheres than the cricket-ground.

#### TESTIMONIAL TO THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD JOHN SEDDON.

This solid silver-gilt casket has three enamelled views on the front, ornamentation of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, &c., in relief, and a finely modelled group of St. Helen and Lion on the top, with the following inscription engraved on the back: "County Borough of St. Helens. W. W. Pilkington, Mayor. Presented, together with the Freedom of the Borough, to the Right Honourable Richard John Seddon, Prime Minister of New Zealand, 1902." The casket is a magnificent specimen of English silver-work, the designing and manufacture being carried out in the usual good style by the



SHOOTING AT BISLEY FOR THE HUMPHRY CUP.

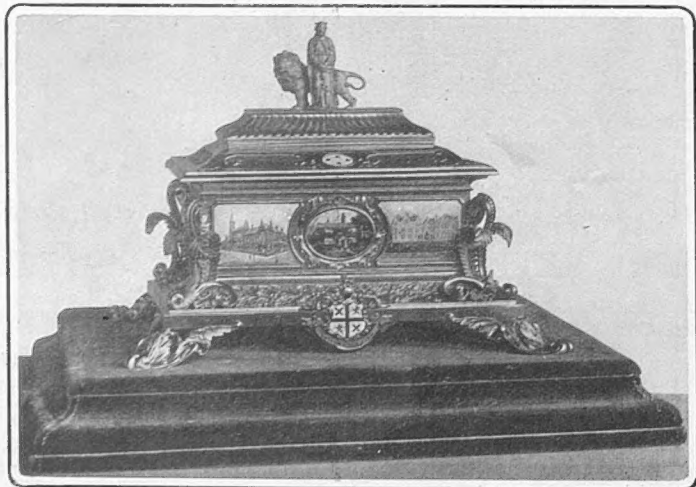
Photograph by A. H. Fry.

well-known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, through Mr. J. C. Mason, of St. Helens.

This trophy is a magnificent example of the silversmith's art, both in regard to originality of design and skill of execution. It was presented by the Kingston-on-Thames Amateur Regatta Committee for the senior eights and won by the Molesey Boat Club. The cup, of elegant and graceful contour, with chased ornamentations of bull-rushes and water-lilies, was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.



KINGSTON-ON-THAMES AMATEUR REGATTA, JULY 12; THE CORONATION CUP.



TESTIMONIAL TO THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD JOHN SEDDON.



CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 28.

OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE failure of the East India Railway issue and the unsatisfactory response to the Victorian Loan look as if John Bull had absorbed as many gilt-edged securities as he can, for the moment, digest; but, although this is probably so with respect to ordinary issues, we have no doubt that if, in the case of the numerous Colonial and other loans which are about to be launched, the gilding could be put on a little thicker, or any one of them can manage to make itself appear slightly more attractive than its fellows, there will be found plenty of subscribers, notwithstanding the depressed times.

In the markets the general feeling is certainly more cheerful than it was when our last Notes were written; the support of the public has been conspicuous by its absence, but there has been considerable animation in Yankees, and at one time a temporary recovery in Kaffirs, so that the opinion we expressed last week as to the purchase and locking-up of the best South Africans will, we believe, be justified.

HOME RAILS.

Business in Home Rails has practically come to a standstill pending the results of the first half-year's working, which will be public property in the next few days. The stagnation has been assisted by the disappointment at the Great Eastern dividend, which is quite a-half per cent. below the general expectation, and by the trouble over the Chislehurst tunnel, on the main line of the South-Eastern. The Great Eastern report is not really so bad as it appears on the surface, for last year, to pay 1½ per cent., it was necessary to take a large sum out of the Contingent Fund, whereas on this occasion 1½ per cent. is distributed without any recourse to such assistance, and the ratio of working expenses to gross revenue has been reduced from 66.95 per cent. to the more reasonable if still somewhat high figure of 64.88 per cent. It is never good to prophesy till you know, and we are not going to engage in any rash forecasts so near the time of the actual declarations; but, if the general results are more satisfactory than the experience of the Great Eastern would lead us to expect, it is pretty certain that we shall see some considerable revival in this department.

TRUST COMPANIES' DEBENTURES.

For some years the securities of the various Trust Companies have been out of favour with the general public, but for persons who want about 4 per cent. for their money, with something like absolute security, the Debenture issues of the best Companies appear to us by no means unattractive. Let us take as an example the International Trust 4 per cent. Debenture stock. The total issue is £750,000, and the share capital ranking behind it amounts to £1,000,000, so that there are investments costing one million and three-quarters to secure the Debentures, and the income derived from such investments to provide for the Debenture service.

As a matter of fact, the total net income of the Trust is £70,683 per annum, and there is a surplus of over £40,000 a-year after providing for the Debenture interest. Under no reasonably conceivable circumstances can there be any danger either in respect of capital or income, as far as we can see, and yet the Debentures can be bought at 101.

In selecting this kind of security, the main point to consider is the margin of share capital behind the Debentures, and our readers would do well to reject any stock which has not, at least, a margin equal to the total Debenture issue. The following are among the best-secured and remunerative of the Trust Companies' Debentures—

Name.	Price.	Amount of Debenture Stock.	Share Capital.
Alliance .. .. .	102	£302,700	£800,000
American .. .. .	110	500,000	1,000,000
Bankers .. .. .	105	900,000	1,800,000
Foreign, American, and General..	108	500,000	1,500,000
International .. ..	101	750,000	1,000,000
Municipal 4½ "A" .. ..	102	100,000	364,230

The whole of these, except the last, are 4 per Cents, and yield the investor at their current prices from £3 13s. to £3 19s. per cent. The Municipal "A" Debentures carry 4½ per cent., and, in addition to the share capital, have £283,000 of "B" and "C" Bonds behind them. They yield about £4 8s. per cent. and are overwhelmingly secured.

THE MINING MARKET.

The most important event of the week from a mining point of view—as distinguished from mere market-movements—is the successful starting at the Champion Reef and Mysore Mines of a portion of the Cauvery machinery. For eighteen months the Mysore Government has been engaged on the work, and its contract to supply power to the mines at the agreed rates will shortly be in full operation. The matter is of the greatest importance to shareholders in all the Colar Mines, for it means that the power of the great Cauvery Falls, which are situated ninety miles from the field, has been harnessed for the advantage of the mines, and that the electrical energy thus created will be sufficient to drive all the machinery now in use, and probably a good deal more. The current cost is said to be about £30 per annum per horse-power, in which an immediate saving of six or seven pounds a-year will be effected, to say nothing of the further advantages which the falling scale of rates under the contract will in future years bring to the shareholders. Apart from the good news from India, there has not been much to cheer the market. Kaffirs had a little spurt at the beginning of the week, but have gone off again, and both Diamond and Land shares have lost more than they gained, while the poor Rhodesian output for June quite knocked out what little heart there was in that market.

Westralians have shown a more favourable tendency, but the moment any share puts on a fraction the professionals hasten to snatch their profit, and, in general, the last state of that share is worse than the first. The Associated report is considered promising, showing, as it does, that a large amount of development work has been done, and that at the lower levels the prospects are favourable. The shares have hardened and are a better market.

The position of Copper is still a mystery, for, although the statistics of the metal show a further decline in the total visible stocks, the price does not respond, and Copper shares keep

falling away. There is a screw loose somewhere, and the general distrust of the position in the United States, together with the belief that the figures are being manipulated to suit the American Combine, is probably the true explanation.

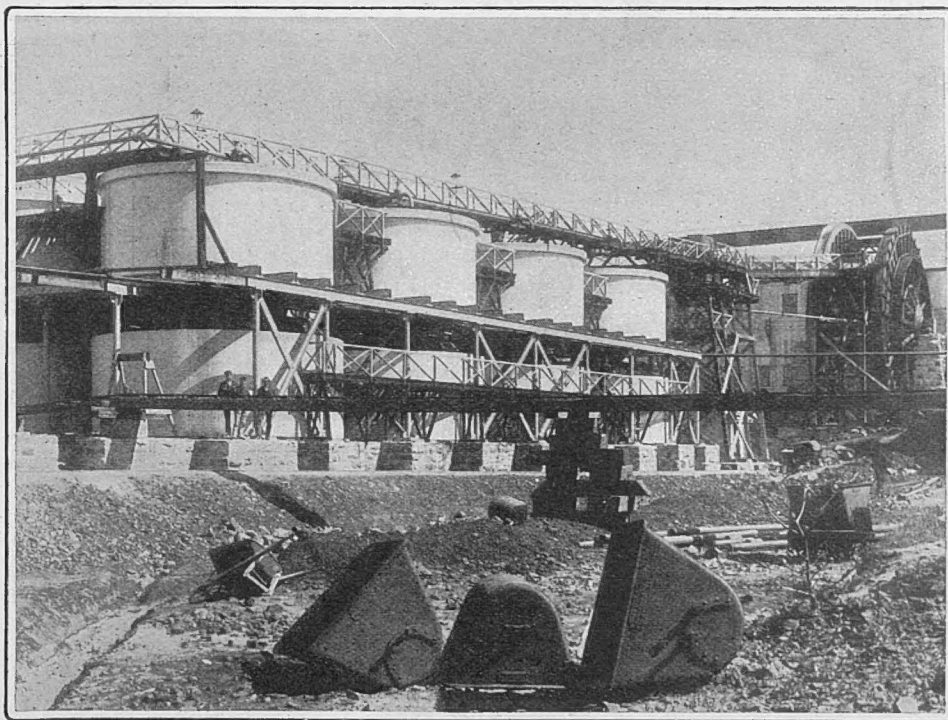
THE WESTRALIAN TIMBER AMALGAMATION.

The details of the amalgamation scheme, which has taken two years to put together, are now fairly settled, and it is to be hoped that out of the confusion of the numerous competing Companies, some sort of order and profit may be evolved.

A new Company is to be formed, with a share capital of £1,400,000 and with power to issue 4½ Debenture stock to an amount not exceeding one-half the total of the share capital. The whole of the property and assets of the following eight Companies will be acquired by the new concern at approximately the price we have set opposite each—

Company.	Purchase Price.
Millars' Karri .. .. .	£655,000
Jarrahdale .. .. .	264,416
Davies' Karri .. .. .	229,550
Canning Jarrah .. .. .	133,375
Gill McDowell .. .. .	134,375
Jarrah Timber and Wood .. ..	115,234
Jarrah Wood and Saw-mills .. ..	30,000
Imperial Jarrah .. .. .	27,500
	£1,589,450

The various purchase-prices will be paid in securities of the new Company, and, in the case of some of the old Companies, the proposed distribution among the different classes of share and debenture holders has not yet been determined; but, so far as is known, the following



EAST RAND PROPRIETARY MINES: JOINT MILL, DRIEFONTEIN-ANGELO CYANIDE WORKS.

Photograph by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.



are, shortly, the proposed arrangements in those cases that have been determined—

## MILLARS' KARRI.

For every 20 old First Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares, 23 Six per Cent. new Cumulative Preference shares.

For every 20 old Second Preference shares, 22 Six per Cent. new Cumulative Preference shares.

For every 20 old Ordinary £1 shares, approximately 30 Ordinary new £1 shares.

## JARRAHDAL.

For every £100 old Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture, £111 10s. in new Four and a-Half per Cent. Debentures.

For every £100 old "B" Five per Cent. Debentures, £100 new Four and a-Half per Cent. Debentures.

For every three old £10 Seven per Cent. Preference shares, 20 new £1 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares.

For each old £10 Ordinary share, £2 12s. 6d. in new £1 Ordinary shares.

## M. C. DAVIES' KARRI.

For every £100 in old Five per Cent. Debentures, £100 in new Four and a-Half per Cent. Debentures.

For each old Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference share, 17s. in new Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares.

For each old £1 Ordinary share, approximately 13s. in new £1 Ordinary shares.

## CANNING JARRAH.

For each £100 in old Five per Cent. Debentures, £82 10s. in new Four and a-Half per Cent. Debentures.

48,875 new £1 shares to be distributed *pro rata* among the old Ordinary shareholders. This works out, roughly, at about 3s. 11d. per 10s. share in the old Company.

## GILL McDOWELL.

No allocation of the purchase-money appears to have been decided on. The issued capital is £245,489, of which £120,489 is in Six per Cent. Cumulative £1 Preference shares.

## JARRAH TIMBER AND WOOD.

For every £100 in old Five per Cent. Debentures, £100 in new Four and a-Half per Cent. Debentures.

For every 100 old Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares, 20 new Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares.

For every 100 old Ordinary £1 shares, approximately 10 new £1 Ordinary shares.

## JARRAH WOOD AND SAW-MILLS.

For every 6 old £1 shares, 1 new £1 Ordinary share.

## IMPERIAL JARRAH.

No allocation of the purchase-money appears to have been decided on, but the issued capital is £139,488, in £1 shares, and the consideration receivable is £27,500, in £1 shares.

In the majority of cases, the schemes involve the modification of the rights of the holders of the different classes of securities, and there may be considerable difficulty in obtaining the necessary majorities at the special meetings; but every shareholder and every debenture-holder of the old concerns who has his own real interest at heart, should exert himself to the utmost to get the Directors' proposals carried through, not so much that they are the ideal, or, indeed, the best possible, as because, if they are once pulled about and altered, it is certain that the scheme, as a whole, will be wrecked, and we say most emphatically, that in the carrying out of the amalgamation, lies the salvation of three-fourths of the money invested in the Westralian timber business. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and the Debenture and Preference shareholders who are asked to give away a little had better do so than stand out for their full legal rights. Half a share in a good, prosperous concern is better than a whole one which is unsaleable and does not pay a dividend.

Saturday, July 19, 1902.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

D. H.—(1) The concern whose circular you send us is a bucket-shop with all the vices common to the tribe. If you deal with them, you will lose your money just as surely as the sun rises every day. They pay when they lose, as far as we know, but they will be for ever advising "Buy, buy" until you are in deeper water than you realise. (2) Trunk Third are a long way off par, and the stock is so large that it will be a long time before they get there. (3) The concern is a Scotch syndicate of which very little is known in London. The grade of the ore has fallen off from 22 dollars per ton in 1897 to 7½ dollars last year. We would rather not give an opinion.

NYLE.—The three Companies will probably move up together, but we should prefer B for our own money. You should not buy if you cannot hold till the end of the year. We really cannot discuss the prospects of fifteen Mining Companies in this column, but, speaking generally, we should say Nos. 6, 7, 9, 14, and 15 might come right. Nos. 4, 8, 10, 11, and 12, we think, will never do any good, and the rest are very doubtful.

H. J.—The Railway Pref. are all good enough to hold. Of the rest, the Steel concerns are risky by the nature of their business, but are good of their class, while the others are, we should think, likely to pay their dividend, although the market in them is not good. We suggest Inter-oceanic of Mexico Railway Prior Lien bonds, or the new 5 per cent. Debentures of the Egyptian Salt and Soda Company, which you can pick up at about 95 for the special settlement. There is no better secured 5 per cent. Pref. share than *Lady's Pictorial*, with profits sufficient to cover the dividend three times over.

ANGLO.—(1) Touts of the worst class, and sure to rob you. (2) The advice is absurd, and if you follow it you can only lose your money.

*Page's Magazine*, a new-comer to the ranks of the monthlies, concerns itself with five great forces of civilisation, Engineering, Shipbuilding, the Iron and Steel Industries, Electricity, and Mining. It is beautifully printed, the illustrations are admirable, and even the non-professional reader must find something to interest him within its covers. For his motto, the Editor has chosen the significant phrase, "Qui non proficit, deficit." It is difficult to imagine how any advance can be made in this particular instance.

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